STAR RANGER

FUN---ACTION---EXCITEMENT

NOV. 1937

10¢

PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

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STAR RANGER

FUN---ACTION---EXCITEMENT

NOV. 1937 10¢

PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

OUR SENSATIONAL NEW 1938 CATALOG NOW READY! NEARLY 600 PAGES OF UNUSUAL NOVELTIES, SEND 10c FOR IT!

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Valee."

World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. **Not a toy.** Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Postpaid 25c

DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Practise radio singing, broadcasting, programs, etc., thru your own radio. Reproduces voice loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model—can be held in hand. Guaranteed. Connected with 75c cut tools., Price

Telegraph Set

A Private Electric Telegraph set for only 15c! Use it as a practice set or send messages to friends (sending and receiving). Learn the code easily and quickly. Be an expert operator. Key, sounder, magnet, etc., mounted on a wooden base, complete with Western Union blanks, code and instructions written by a battery! All for

15c

Book on Electricity Add 10c for 64 page book written especially for boys. Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, telegraphs, automatics, coils, etc. Price 10c

Blank Cartridge Pistol

Two of the latest, newest models now out—**50c and $1.00.** Patterned after the latest type of revolver. Shoots 22 caliber blank cartridges obtainable everywhere. Handy protection against bums, tramps and dogs. Fine for 4th of July, New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc., etc.

50c $1.00

6 Shot Automatic

Blued steel 6-shot automatic blank pistol. Fires blanks only. Looks exactly like expensive automatic. Shipped by express, not prepaid. Price $5.50. Uses special cartridges, 75c per 100.

Looks Like A Real Revolver

Strongly constructed with a flashy nickel finish. Has dip barrel that allows the cartridges to be loaded in a second. **Medium size, Large size $1.00.** Blank Cartridges 50c per 100. Holster (Cowboy Type), 50c. SHIPPED BY EXPRESS, NOT PREPAID.

ALL WAVE WORLD RADIOS

Remarkable results—simple operation—low prices! 15 to 600 meters. Gets police calls, foreign stations anywhere, code, short wave, foreign and domestic broadcasts, etc., with remarkable volume and efficiency. Each set complete without tube, phones, battery or aerial.

ONE TUBE BATTERY SET $1.55
Does home volume. Kit.
Wired, ready to operate, $2.30.

SUPER TWO TUBE BATTERY SET $2.00
Gives better volume & reception. Complete kit.
Wired, ready to operate, $2.75

ELECTRIC TWO TUBE. Operates on house current. Has no batteries. Two-foil sensitive Kit $2.00
Wired, ready to operate, $3.75

MIDGET POCKET RADIO $1.00

Listen to Music Programs and Sports Everywhere You Go—Loud Tone

Good reception with beautiful clear tone! The amazing midget pocket radio gives you all the entertainment of a radio wherever you are—in the country, in bed, at ramp, office, etc., etc. **ANYWHERE** is **EVERYWHERE.** Size of a cigarette case, yet it operates perfectly. Beautiful clear tone. Range 50 miles. No static or noise. No batteries, no tubes, no crystals to adjust. Just one moving dial to locate stations. Sensitive rectifier and high efficiency design.

Uses regular Aerial. Price Postpaid $1.00. Earphone, etc. Phone & Radio Set $1.79.

CRYSTAL RADIO 25c

This is a radio in itself as it is possible to get recep-tion with it above within 25 miles of a station or up to 100 miles under good conditions. If you need an aerial & ear phone. Completely screwed & wired with superSensitive crystal, stand, hose, cat's whisker etc. Reception guaranteed 25c

Pocket Telescope

Eagle-Eye Vision
Six Power
25c

Big 3 draw, 6 pow, er telescope for only 25c! Swell for outdoor nature study, sports, looking at the moon, etc. Converted into Solar telescope by using smoked glass you can see sun spots. etc. 50 lens. Price 25 cents

Moving Picture Projector

A real Electric Movie Machine for only 35c! Shows bright, clear pictures about 14 x 18 inches in size. Just insert the film, turn the crank and watch the pictures as long as you like! Uses 2 flashlight cells obtainable everywhere. Bright red enamelled steel case, measures 5x3x3 inches. Complete with bulb, ready to use. 16mm. film. Price 35c. FILM Science of Pets the Cat, Wild West, Mutt & Jeff comic. Price 15c EACH

Wireless Transmitter Broadcasting Set

First again! First with the low-priced crystal radio, then the famous World Mike, then the All Wave World Radios, then the Dollar Pocket Radio, and **NOW** a genuine RADIO TRANSMITTER that sends out messages by wireless, for **only $1.00, plus 10c postage.** Note these sensational Features:

***Can be picked up on a suitable Radio Receiver**
★ Not a Mike, but a complete Broadcasting Set
★ Complete with Key, in Kit Form
★ Plugs in to any AC-DC circuit
★ Uses 2 oscillating tubes

Complete Transmitter, $1.00 plus 10c post. Tubes (uses 2) Each 50c

WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c

GREAT CURIOSITY! With it you can apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil even the flesh seems transparent. Always ready for use. Only 10 c ea.

Sex Indicator Fascinating discovery that is used by some to tell future husband or wife. Price 10c

HOW TO BUILD A MIDGET RACER from junk yard parts for a few dollars. Complete, hi-grade, plans diagrams, etc. Price 25c

FIELD GLASSES 25c

What a bargain! Real genuine Field Glasses with six power magnification. Center piece quick, easy focusing. Perma-fect lens, never tampered, two sliding draws gives remarkable focus and clarity. Swell for nature study, hiking, sports, and a million other things. Complete with cord, packed in box. Only 25c

JU-JITSU

DON'T BE BULLIED

30c

The Japanese art of self-defense. New methods of attack and defense are given, illustrated so that you cannot fail to understand them. Deals fully with trips, throws, wrist locks, body holds, defense against revolvers, stranglings, armlocks, kicks, neckholds, headlock, holding a man down, double knee throw, kick attack, defense against knife, one hand throat grip, defense against two assailants, stomach throw, secret thumb knockout, nerve pinches, and numerous others. Learn to protect yourself under all circumstances with nature's weapons. Fear no man, guns or knives! Science of Ju Jitsu. Only 30c.

ALL-METAL MODEL AIRPLANE

The most sensational flying model! A low priced, real flying model detailed made entirely of light-weight metal. Aluminum and duralumin construction throughout. Will fly right from the start and stand on its tail. Complete down to the last detail in every respect, including struts, dummy engine block, adjustable tail assembly, etc., etc. Winder. **Flyin' Fool Metal Kit. Price Postpaid 35c**

Quartermaster - Navy - CCC - Marine - Army - Aviation

Handsomely embossed emblem rings made to resemble rings worn by men in U.S. Government service. **Jumbo size, accurate detail,** with heavy machine engraved American Eagle. **State Size and ring desired. SILVER FINISH GUARANTEE.**
Sterling Silver $1.00. 14 kt. Gold Plate $1.75.

25c

Photo Ring

Sensational new Photo Ring holds any picture. Your girl, boy friend, etc. Swell. Popular. Silver finish

35c

Skull & Crossbones

Outsized gunmetal finish. Said to bring good luck. Brilliant imitation ruby eyes. Our most popular ring. Price

25c

YACHT CAPS

Smart, snappy. Just what every real boy is wearing. Cool and comfortable. White Twill Yacht Cap, with black oilcloth peak, sweat band, gold braid and brass buttons, with anchor. Price

25c

White Duck Yacht Cap, superior quality duck, white celluloid cap, gold cord, sewn buttons and red, white and blue anchor on front. State size. Price postpaid.

35c

CHAMELEON 25c

A LIVE PET

WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR!

Get one of these most wonderful of all creatures. Watch it change color. Study its habits. Wear one on the lapel of your coat as a curiosity. Shoots out its tongue to catch flies and insects for food. No trouble to keep. Can go for months without food. About 4 in. long. Shipped to any address in USA by mail. We guarantee safe arrival and live delivery. Only 25c

Winner Sportster

Popular flying model with sweet seat into accurate model of real plane. Wingspread 15 wingspan. Makes 15 sweep room inside. Long, high, graceful flyer.

Price Only 12c

Stinson Reliant FLYING MODEL

Jumbo 24" wingspread model of the real plane. Flies with motor. Takes the bumps. Our finest model. Complete Kit

25c

Hawker Fighter AIRPLANE KITS

Copy of England's famous fighters—the fastest in the world. Flies with motor. Excellent grace. 24" wingspan. Complete Kit. Price Only

25c

High Climber r.o.g.

Standard contest endurance model. Flies continuously for 3 to 5 minutes. Climbs high. Easy to build from printed plans. Complete kit. 15" wingspan. Price Only

25c

THRIFT VAULT

A 3 dial safe lock and Vault Bank. Just dial the three numbers and open the vault just like any safe. Big and roomy—it measures about 4x3 in. Will keep your money, jewelry, etc. in. Constructed of heavy metal with red and black trimmings. Full instructions with each bank. **VAULT BANK only 50c postpaid.**

THRIFT VAULT Similar in appearance to the above only more of wel. ded steel, and slightly larger. Packed in box, with complete directions for opening. Price, ppd

$1.25

50c

Ocarino

Popular "sweet potato." Easier to play than a harmonica. Clear, sweet tones. Used in headline orchestras! Small Size (C) Large Size (A)

35c 45c

Jew's Harp

Ever popular, easy playing Jew's Harp. Excellent tone, suitable for radio broadcasting. Play 2 or 3 times a minute!

10c

2¼ INCH SIZE
4 inch size. 15c.

Nose Flute

Beautiful deep, rich tone, with a mellow instrument. Play any popular pieces without practice! Just put in nose and mouth. Play in 5 min. Instructions. Price

10c

Hill Billy Band

5 Piece Hill Billy Band. Get the sound of the Jew's Harp, Ocarina, Nose Flute, Harmonica, Humming Comb, Castanettes, etc. Complete

10c

FUN LICENSES 10c

Large size, nicely printed with seal, portrait and lettering. Hand one of these to your friend and be will never forget you. Your choice—Doctor Certificate Liar's License Death Certificate Birth Certificate Arrest Warrant College Diploma Dog License Divorce Certificate Marriage Certificate Liar & Grafter Cer. Gossipers Certificate Spanish Athletes Cer. Gold Diggers Cer. Price 10c each license. Any 3 for 25c.

One Arm Drivers Cer. Kibitzers Certificate Gold Brick Stock Cer. Air Pilots License Bootlegger's Diploma

Cowboy Lasso

Specially made lariat for performing tricks and rope-spinning. Lasso animals, do difficult rope tricks, etc. Honda that grass rope to prevent slipping, and swivel prevents twisting. Price Complete

RO-LO LASSO Performer rope tricks without practice. Wedding Rings, Corkscrews, Curls, Skidoo, Fine Loop. Hours of Fun. Only

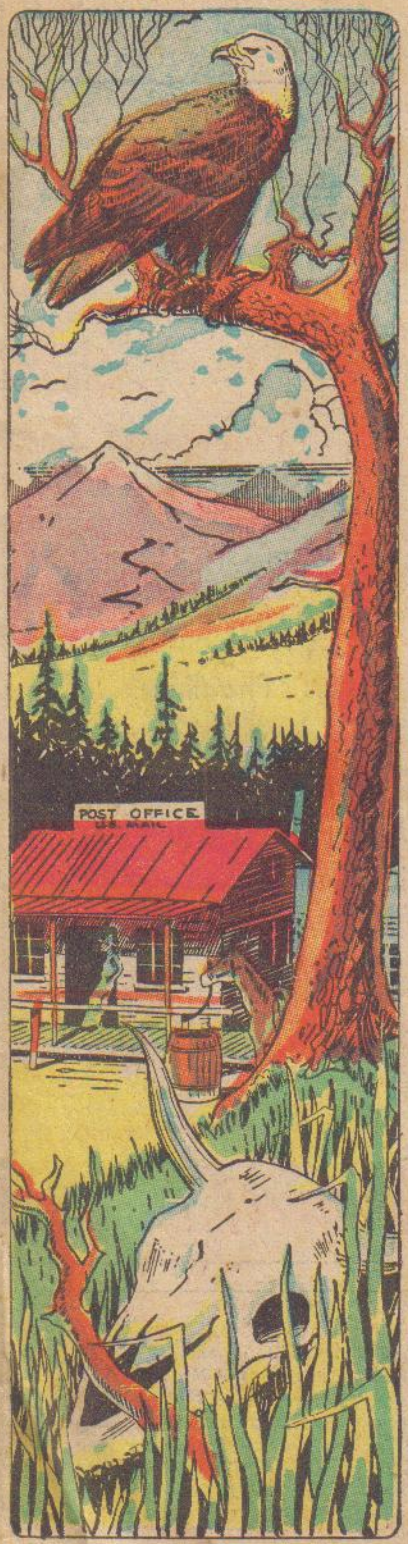
35c 12c

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated like a balloon, and then placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim, unsuspecting, sits upon the cushion it gives forth noises that embarrass—**00-00-00-

The Roundup

A personal chat with the editor



A BIT OFF THE TRAIL

It's been the aim o' STAR RANGER, durin' these "round-up chats," t' give a little o' the color o' the old West, or t' tell a yarn that has a foundation o' actual fact about the hard ridin' bronco busters, or maybe t' relate a little snatch o' the hist'ry o' the men an' women who went westward in search o' new fields an' a new life.

Wal, folks, we're a-goin' a bit off the trail in this issue. We're a-goin' t' talk about ourselves this time an' about somethin' that's a-happenin' right this very minute.

There's nary a doubt in our mind that when yuh picked up this copy o' STAR RANGER yuh squinted yore eyes a little an' looked ag'in at the name on the cover. Then yuh said t' yoreselves, "Shore thing, STAR RANGER IS SMALLER!"

Smaller in size it is, but not one o' yore old friends is missin'. Yuh'll find jest as many hard ridin' men an' women in STAR RANGER as yuh ever did, an' jest as many laughs. An' so, while we cut down the size a mite t' give yuh a magazine easier t' tote about, yuh really got a bigger an' better issue than ever before.

But that ain't all! STAR RANGER has THREE companions now instead o' ONE. That means yuh can read one o' these FAVORITE COMIC MAGAZINES every week! Begin with this copy o' STAR RANGER an' then go t' yore news dealer an' ask for STAR COMICS, FUNNY PAGES and FUNNY PICTURE STORIES. He's got 'em all, an' they're jest one happy family o' picture story magazines!

Why shucks, folks, STAR RANGER an' STAR COMICS had about as much chance o' meetin' the demand for their services as they had o' sailin' 'round the world in a canoe. They jest HAD t' get a couple o' partners.

An' what a fine breed o' PICTURE STORY BOOKS they all have turned out t' be! Yuh been readin' STAR RANGER an' STAR COMICS all these past months, so 'nuff said. But wait till yuh set eyes on FUNNY PAGES an' FUNNY PICTURE STORIES! Yuh'll die laughin' at the laughs an' yore hair'll bristle up at the excitin' stories.

So get readin' this issue o' STAR RANGER, folks, so yuh can go downtown an' get acquainted with the rest o' the books before they're all gone.

STAR RANGER

HARRY "A" CHESLER
Editor & Publisher
Kenneth Fitch, Managing Editor

No. 7 OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1937 10c

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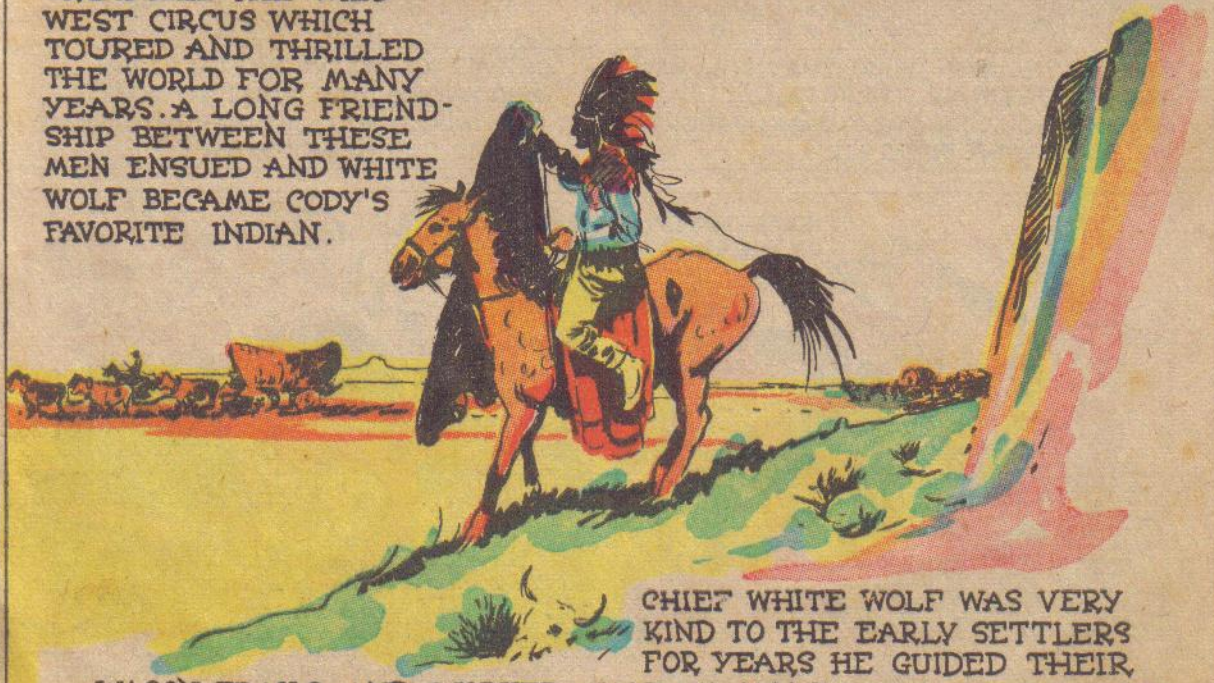
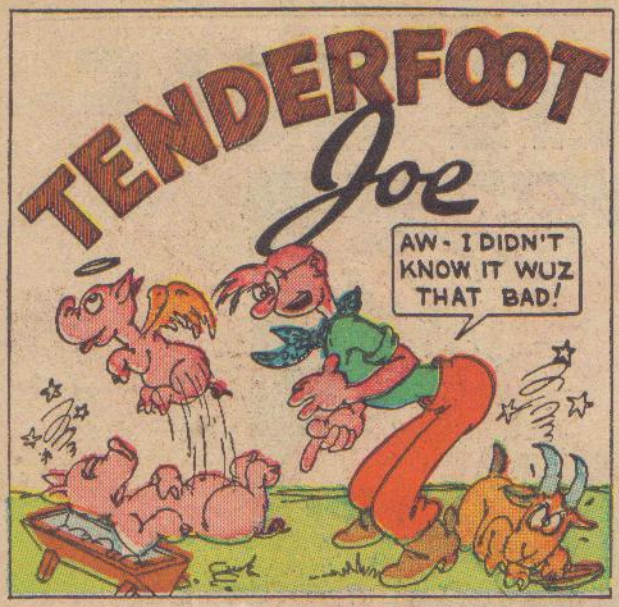
Chief WHITE WOLF

WHITE WOLF MET WILLIAM CODY (BUFFALO BILL) WHEN THE FAMOUS SCOUT ORGANIZED THE WILD WEST CIRCUS WHICH TOURED AND THRILLED THE WORLD FOR MANY YEARS. A LONG FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THESE MEN ENSUED AND WHITE WOLF BECAME CODY'S FAVORITE INDIAN.

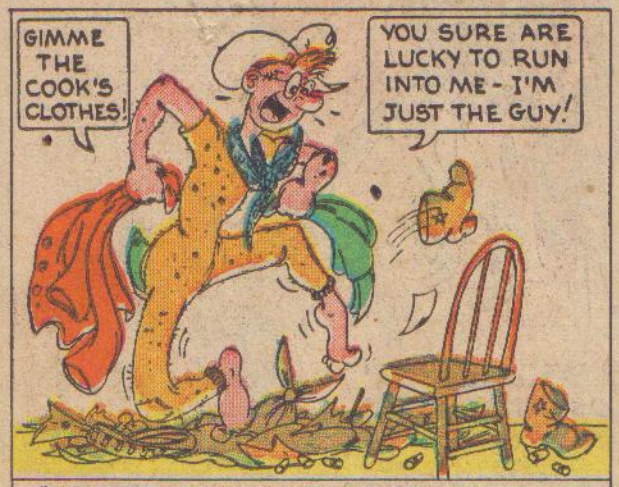
CHIEF WHITE WOLF
DEADWOOD-SOUTH DAKOTA



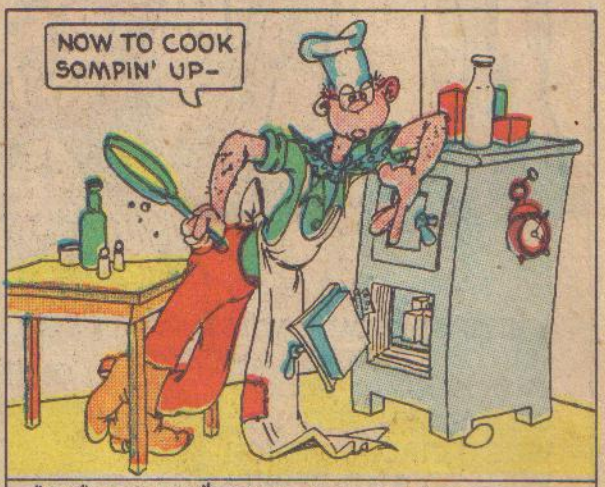
CHIEF WHITE WOLF WAS VERY KIND TO THE EARLY SETTLERS FOR YEARS HE GUIDED THEIR WAGON TRAILS, AND WORKED HAND IN HAND WITH THE PALEFACE. A VILLAINOUS AND JEALOUS BROTHER SIOUX FINALLY PUT AN END TO HIS USEFUL AND COMMENDABLE CAREER.



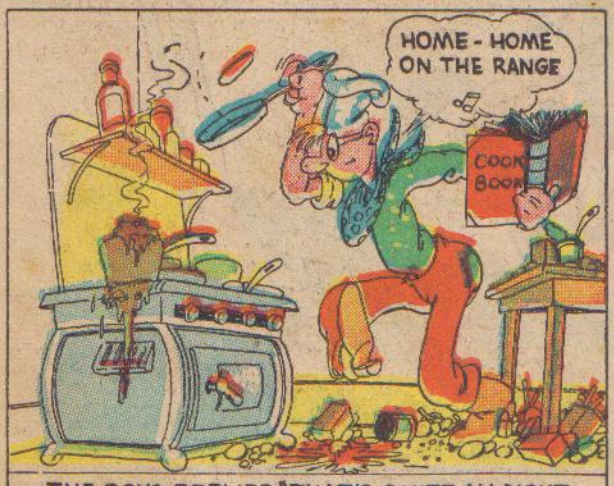
THE FOREMAN SAID TO JOE," LOOK HERE! THE COOK IS ON A STRIKE - SO YOU GO TO THE COOK HOUSE, AND COOK THE THINGS WE LIKE."



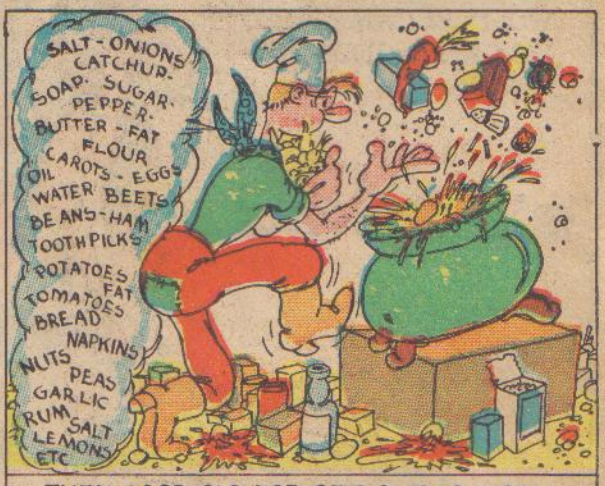
"ASK ALL THE BOYS WHAT THEY WILL HAVE, AND GIVE THEM ALL THEIR FILL - BE SURE YOU COOK THE THINGS UP RIGHT - WE DON'T WANT TO BE ILL."



"OK" SAID JOE," YOU'VE PICKED A MAN WHO KNOWS JUST WHAT TO DO! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EAT TO-NIGHT A GOOD OLD BEEFY STEW?"

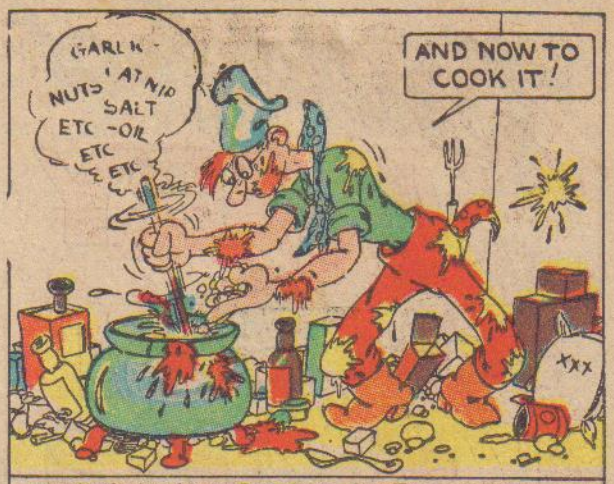


THE BOYS REPLIED," THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT AN APPETIZING DISH."
"ALL RIGHT," SAID JOE," WHEN YOU RETURN YOU'LL FIND YOU'VE HAD YOUR WISH."

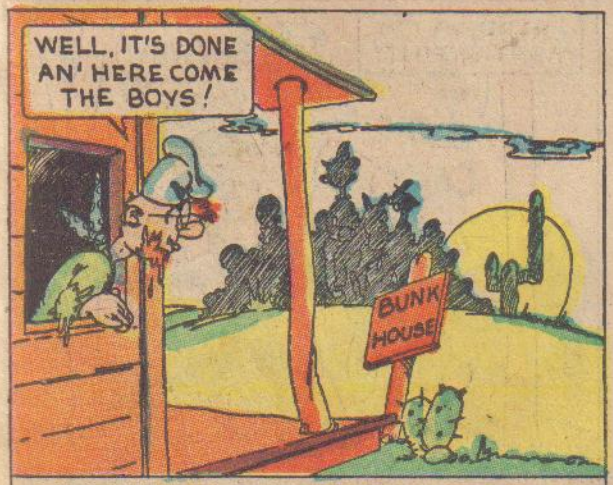


THEN GOOD OLD JOE SET OUT TO WORK TO COOK THE TASTY STEW; HE CHOCKED A COW RIGHT IN THE POT AND SAID "THAT'S ALL OF YOU."

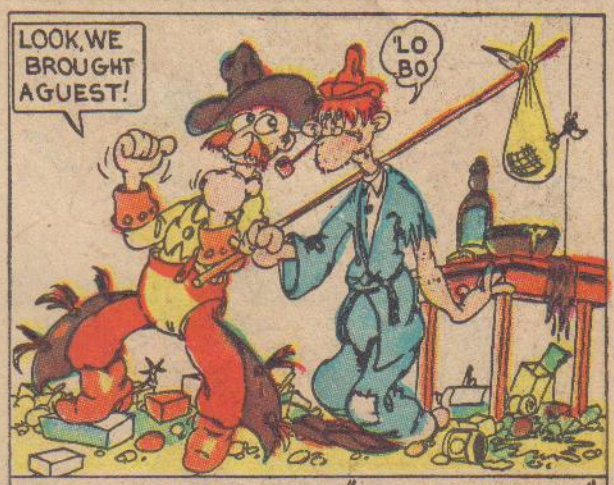
HE THREW IN GREENS AND LOTS OF BEANS,
POTATOES, MUSH AND CORN;
THEN HE TOSSED IN SOME RABBIT SKIN
THAT WAS QUITE OLD AND WORN.



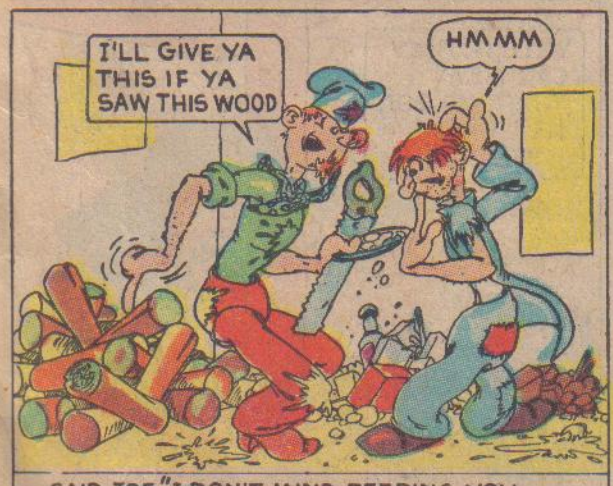
THEN SALT AND PEPPER BY THE BOX-
BIG ONIONS BY THE SCORE;
AND THEN HE STIRRED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT,
AND THEN HE STIRRED SOME MORE!



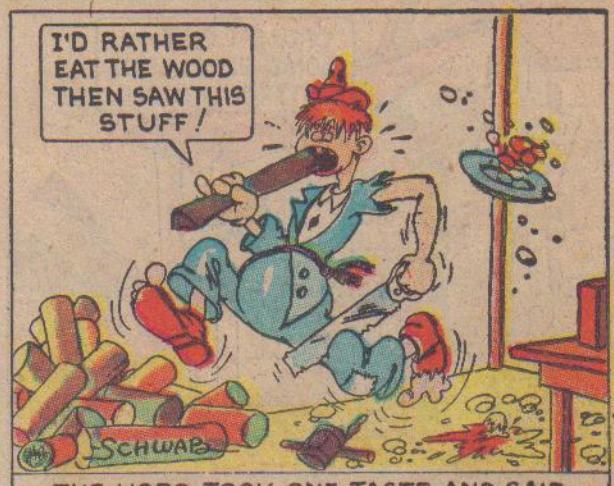
THAT NIGHT THE HUNGRY BOYS RETURNED
AND BROUGHT WITH THEM A GUEST,-
A HOBO WHO WAS HUNGRY, AND
IN NEED OF FOOD AND REST.



GOOD HEARTED JOE SAID, "WELCOME FRIEND."
AS CHEERFUL AS HE COULD.
"I'LL FEED YOU TO YOUR HEARTS CONTENT
IF YOU WILL CUT SOME WOOD."



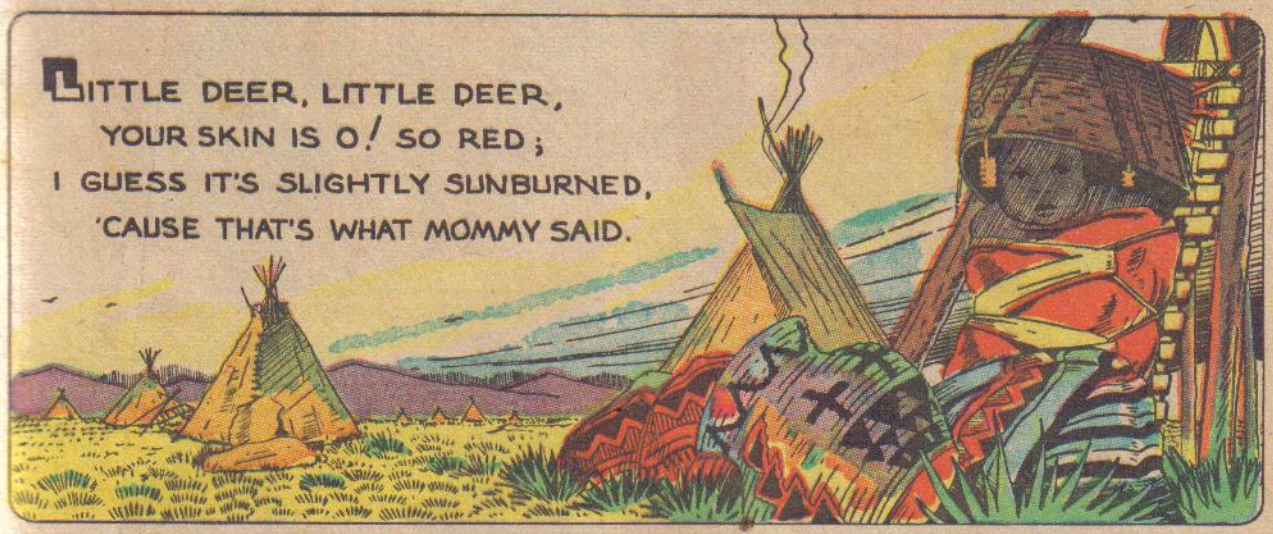
SAID JOE, "I DON'T MIND FEEDING YOU,
BUT FOR IT YOU MUST WORK,-
SO EAT THIS STEW, THEN SAW THE WOOD,
A JOB YOU MUSTN'T SHIRK."

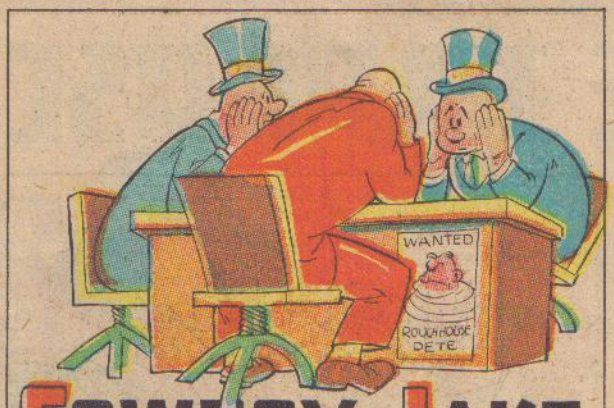


THE HOBO TOOK ONE TASTE AND SAID,
"IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU-
I'LL MAKE A MEAL OUT OF THE WOOD,
AND THEN SAW UP SOME STEW!"

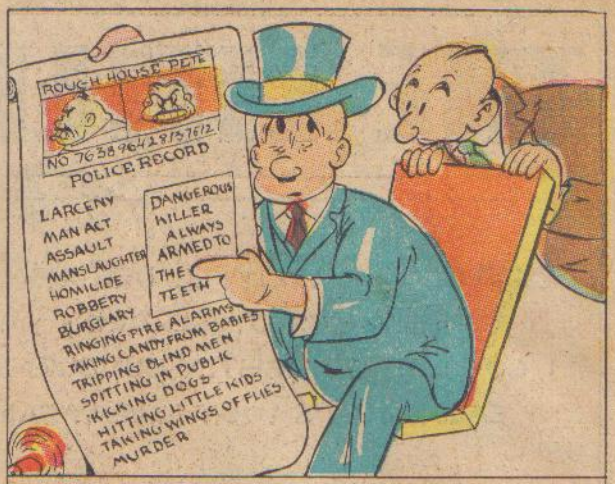
Tenderfoot MARY
DON'T MIND ME!
HELLO MARY - HOW'S THINGS AT THE CABIN?
GEN
OK. - 'CEPT WE GOT RATS!
GLAD YA MENTIONED IT!
WHY?
WANTED
'CAUSE I GOT SOME EXCELLENT RAT FOOD HERE.
WELL, IF THEY CAN'T EAT WHAT WE GOT, LET THEM STARVE!

THE LITTLE PAPOOSE

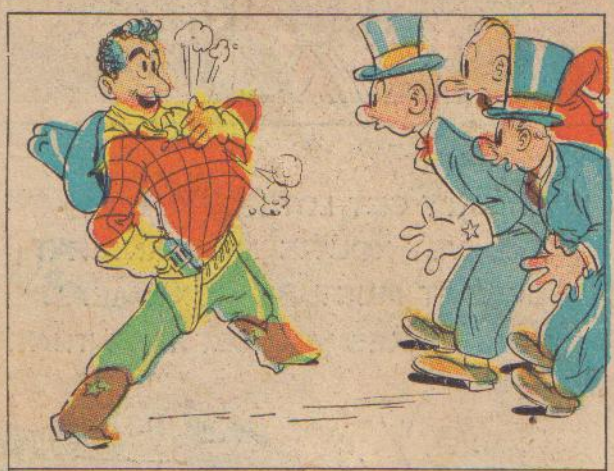




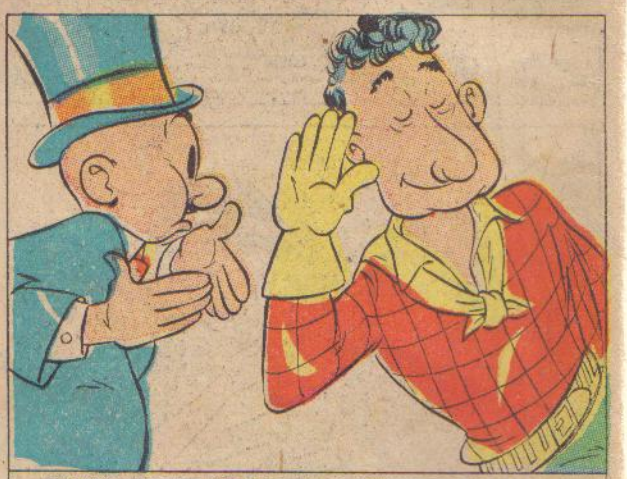
COWBOY JAKE
of the
BAR MITZVAH RANCH



THE MAYOR OF THE CITY WORE
A VERY TROUBLED LOOK,
FOR "ROUGH HOUSE PETE" WAS IN THEIR MIDST-
THE TOUGHEST KIND OF CROOK.

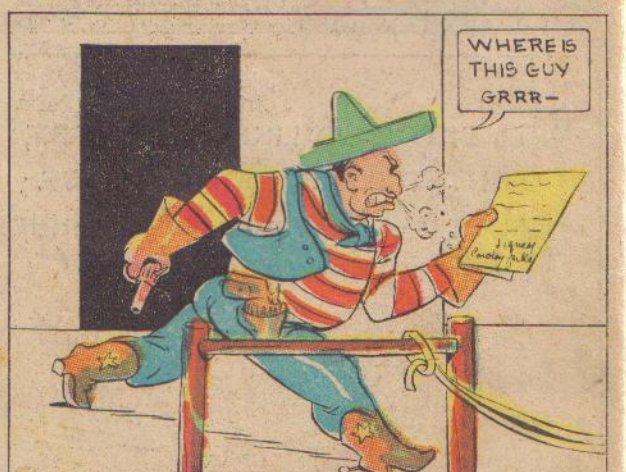


HE CALLED A MEETING OF THE BOYS
TO SEE IF THEY COULD FIND,
A WAY TO HANDLE "ROUGH HOUSE PETE"-
THE TOUGHEST OF HIS KIND

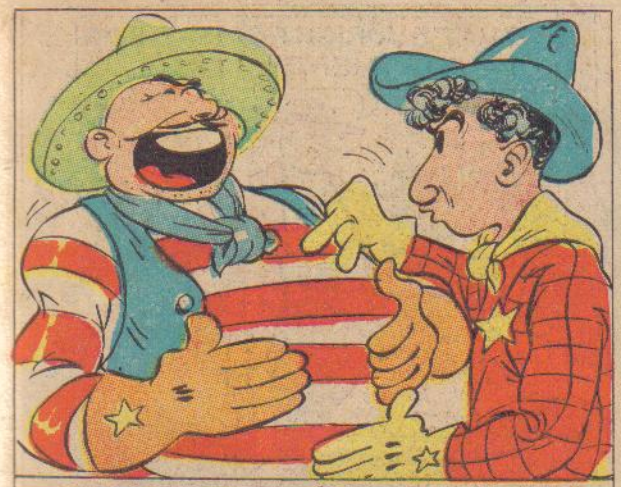


THEY MUST APPOINT A SHERRIF WHO
WAS BRAVE AS BRAVE COULD BE,
SO UP SPOKE COWBOY JAKE AND SAID,
"YOU LEAVE THIS JOB TO ME"

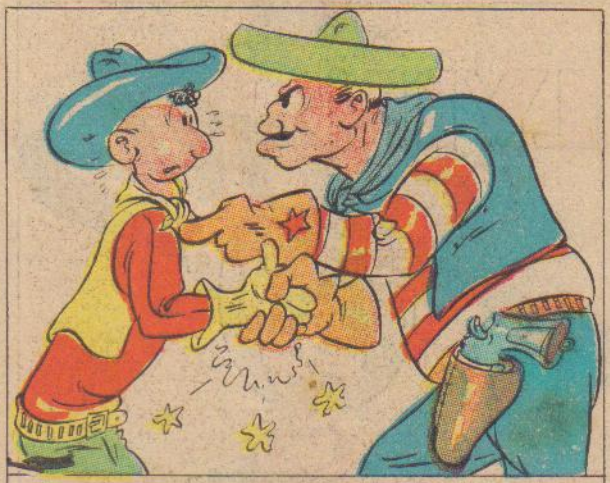
NEXT DAY JAKE SENT FOR "ROUGH HOUSE PETE",
O WHAT A NERVE HAD HE!
WHEN EVERYONE OBJECTED, JAKE
SAID, "LEAVE IT ALL TO ME!"



AND SURE ENOUGH THAT AFTERNOON
TO TOWN CAME "ROUGH HOUSE PETE",-
WITH FIRE SHINING IN HIS EYES,
AND COWBOY JAKE TO MEET!

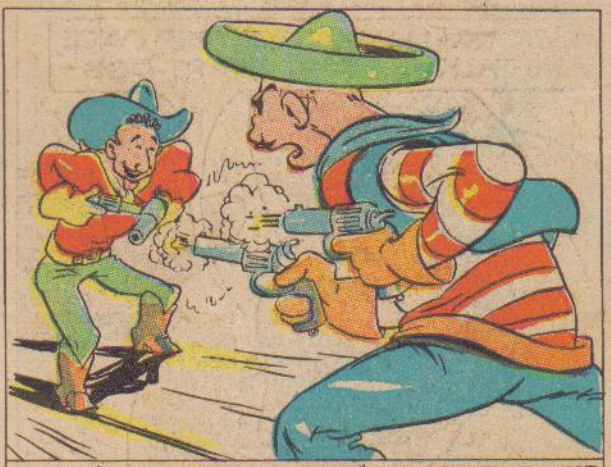


SAID COWBOY JAKE, "NOW LISTEN HERE!
I'M JUST AS TOUGH AS YOU.
AND IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME,
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO!"



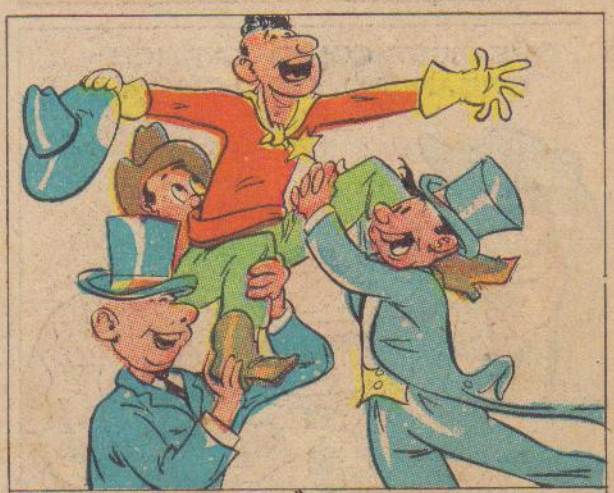
"WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT JUST YOU AND I;-
WE'LL HAVE A PISTOL DUEL"
"ALLRIGHT," SAID PETE, "AND YOU'LL FIND OUT
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FOOL".

"THEN HELP YOURSELF," SAID COWBOY JAKE,
"JUST HELP YOURSELF TO GUNS;
TO SHOW YOU I'M THE BRAVEST ONE
I'LL TAKE THE SMALLER ONES!"



THEN "ROUGH HOUSE PETE" SENT SHOT AND SHOT
AT SOME TERRIFIC PACE -
WHILE COWBOY JAKE JUST LAUGHED AND LAUGHED
RIGHT IN THE BAD MAN'S FACE!

THEN JAKE HE TOOK A CAREFUL AIM-
AN AIM NO ONE COULD BEAT;-
AND WHEN HE SHOT THAT WAS THE END
OF POOR OLD "ROUGH HOUSE PETE."



"HOW DID YOU DO IT?" THEY ALL ASKED,
AS THEY GAVE HIM THEIR THANKS.
"THE GUNS I GAVE TO "ROUGH HOUSE PETE"
HAD BULLETS THAT WERE BLANKS!"

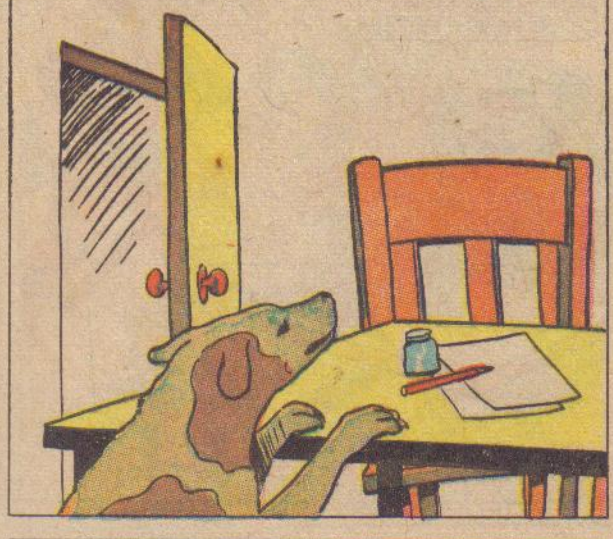
LYIN Lou
THAT'S A RIGHT SMART DOG I GOT THERE, LOU.
SHUCKS! I HAD A LITTLE PUP ONCE, AND TALK ABOUT A SMART DOG—
"I USED TO TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET HIM ICE-CREAM- HE WAS CRAZY ABOUT IT"
GENERAL STORE
"HE JUST COULD EAT ICE-CREAM ALL DAY LONG."
"HE USED TO COME BARKING EVERY DAY FER ME TO TAKE HIM DOWN FOR SOME."

"ONE DAY I WASN'T FEELING LIKE GOING OUT, SO I WROTE A NOTE AND PUT 10 CENTS IN IT - PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH AND HE SCAMPERED OFF TO THE STORE."

"—AND SURE ENOUGH HE BOUGHT HIS OWN CREAM !"

"WELL, NEXT DAY HE CAME BARKING AGAIN "

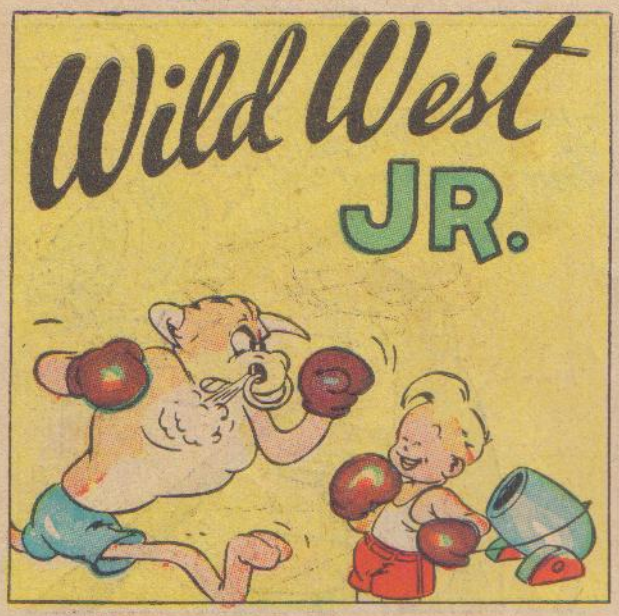
"I PAID NO ATTENTION TO HIM"

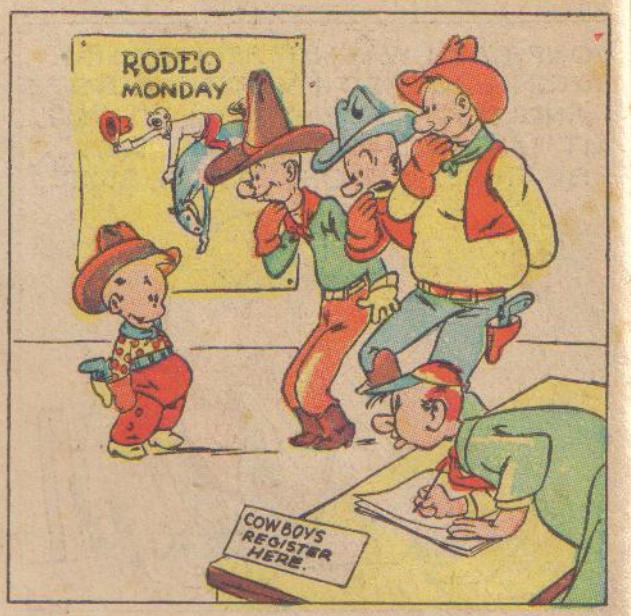


"DARNED IF HE DIDN'T GO OVER AND TAKE THE PENCIL RIGHT OFF THE TABLE AND BRING IT OVER TO ME."

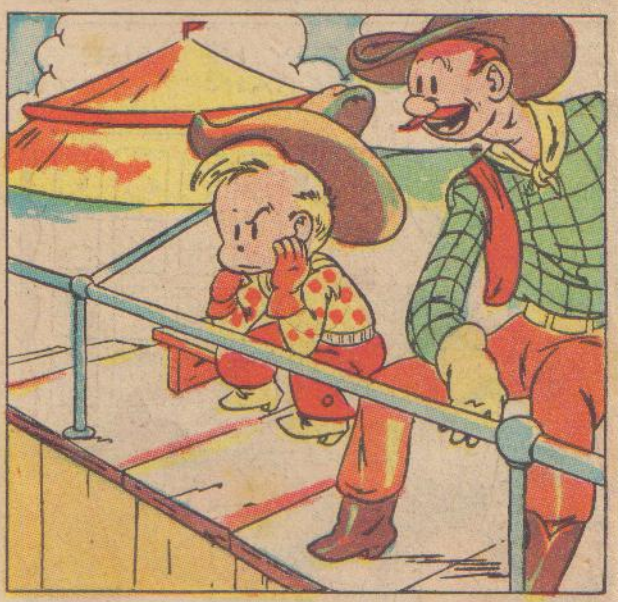
"... AND HE STAYED RIGHT THERE 'TILL I WROTE A NOTE TO THAT STORE AND TOLD THE MAN TO GIVE HIM 10 CENTS WORTH OF CREAM."

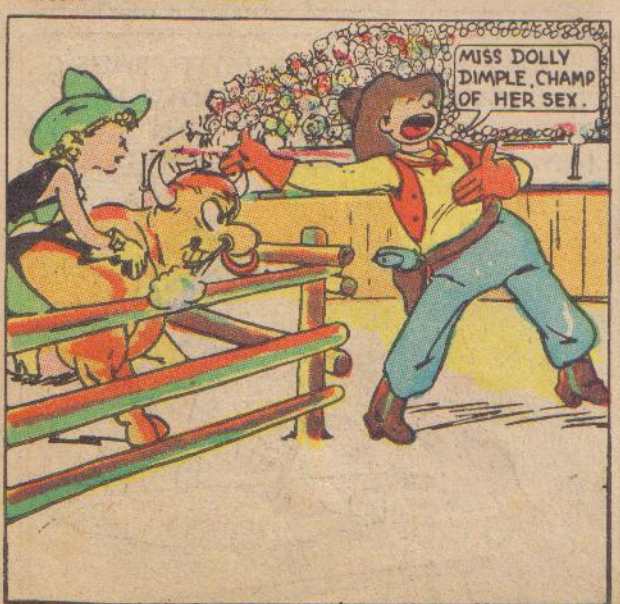
Wild West JR.

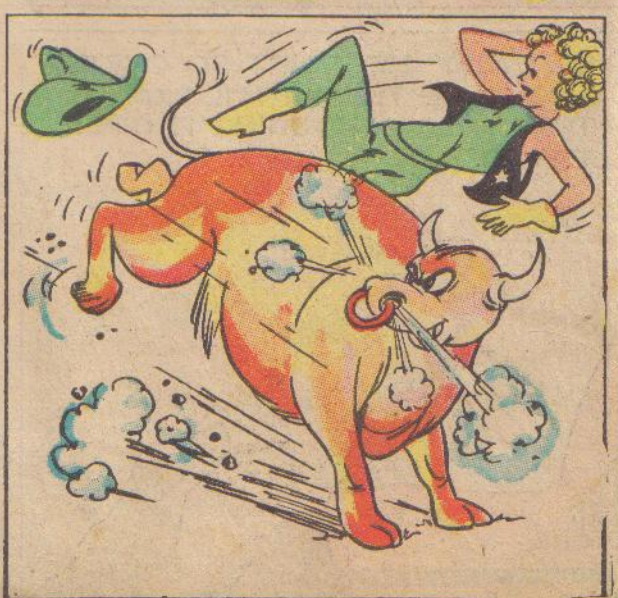


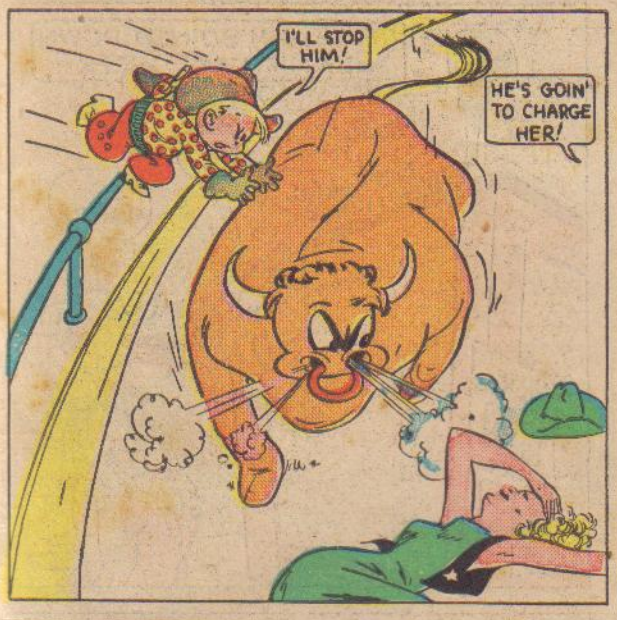

RODEO
MONDAY
COWBOYS REGISTER HERE.

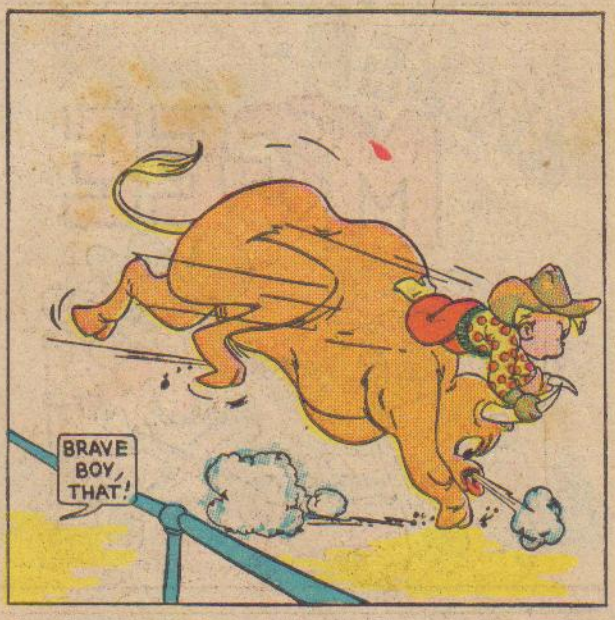
RUN HOME LITTLE BOY AND RIDE YOUR HOBBY HORSE.

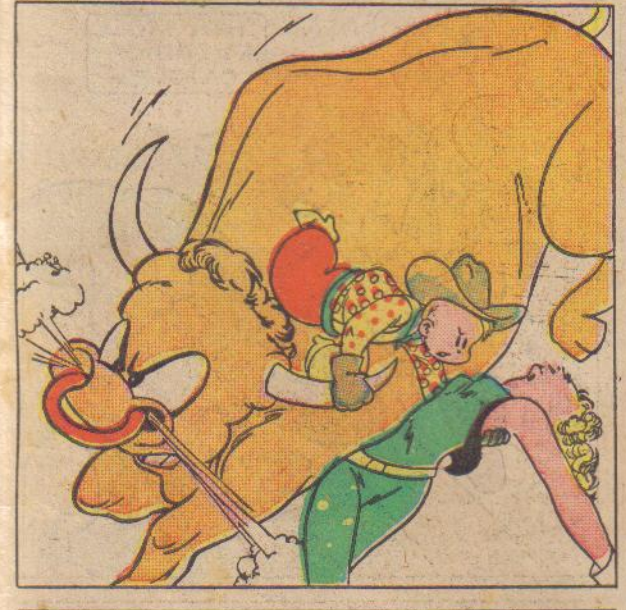


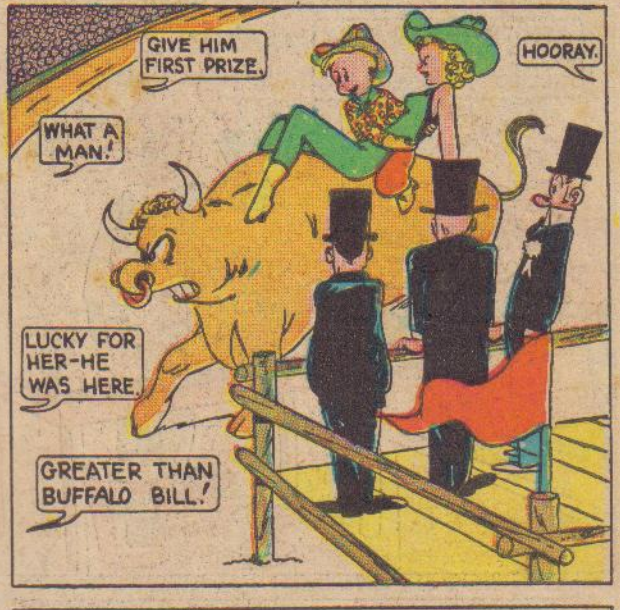

MISS DOLLY DIMPLE, CHAMP OF HER SEX.

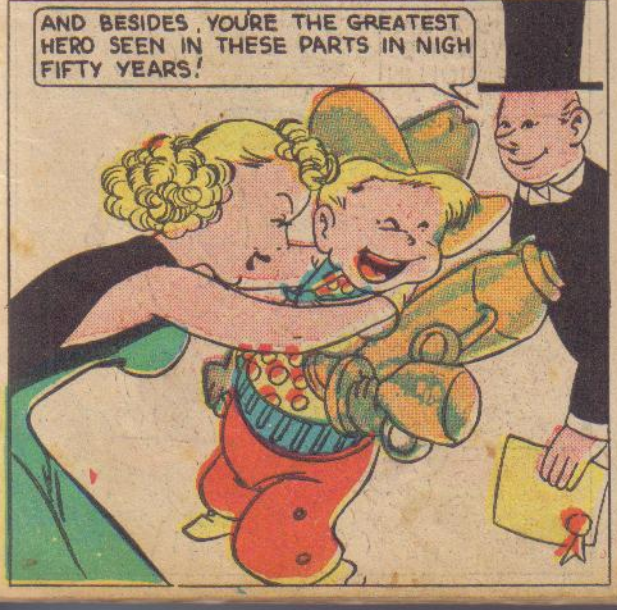


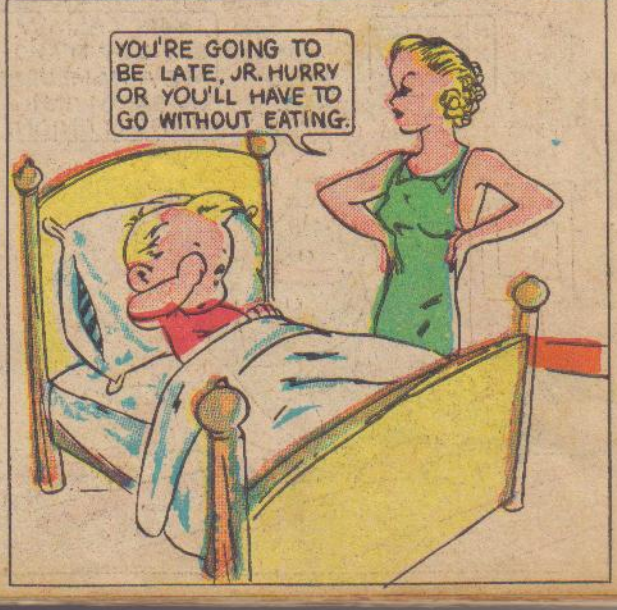

I'LL STOP HIM!
HE'S GOIN' TO CHARGE HER!

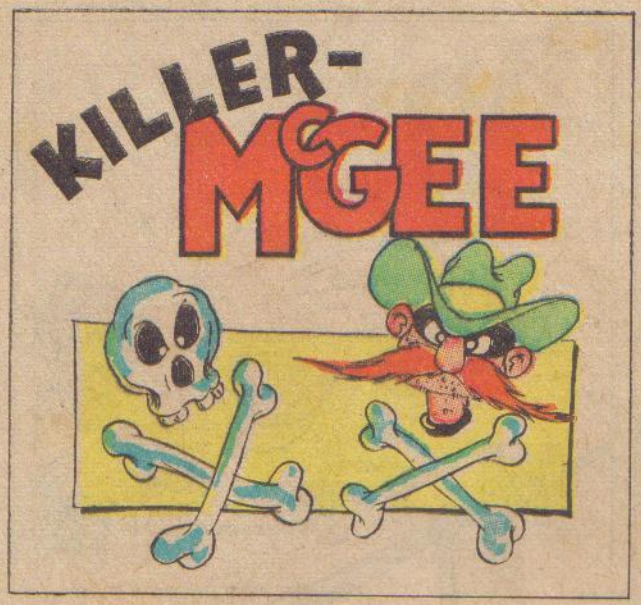

BRAVE BOY, THAT!

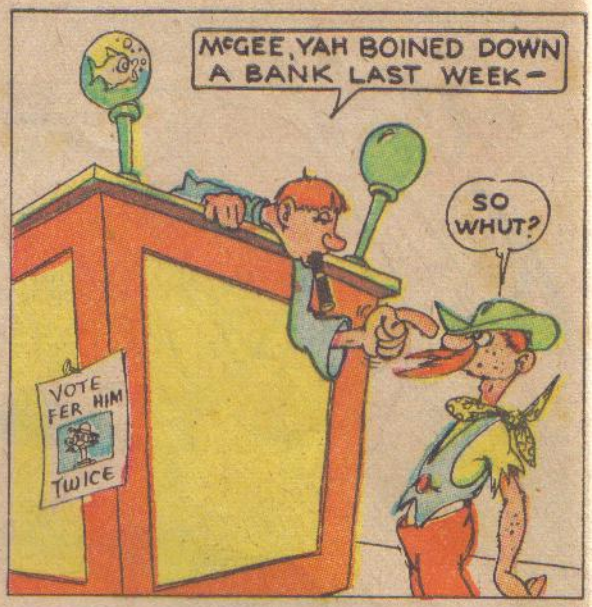


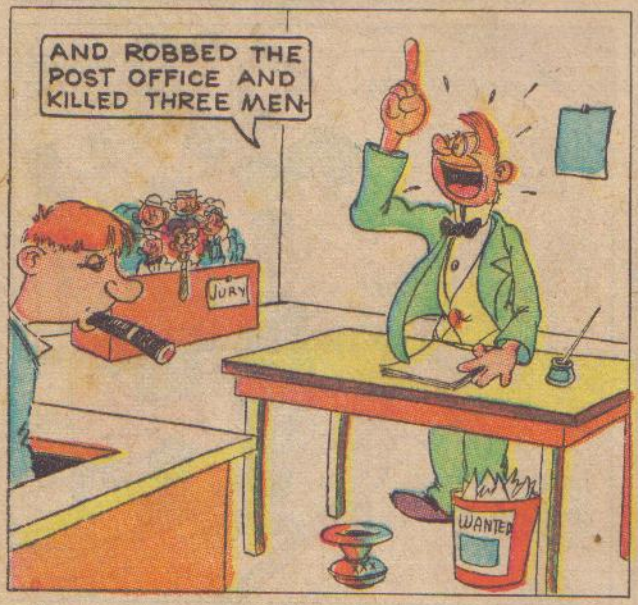

GIVE HIM FIRST PRIZE.
HOORAY.
WHAT A MAN!
LUCKY FOR HER-HE WAS HERE.
GREATER THAN BUFFALO BILL!


AND BESIDES, YOU'RE THE GREATEST HERO SEEN IN THESE PARTS IN NIGH FIFTY YEARS!

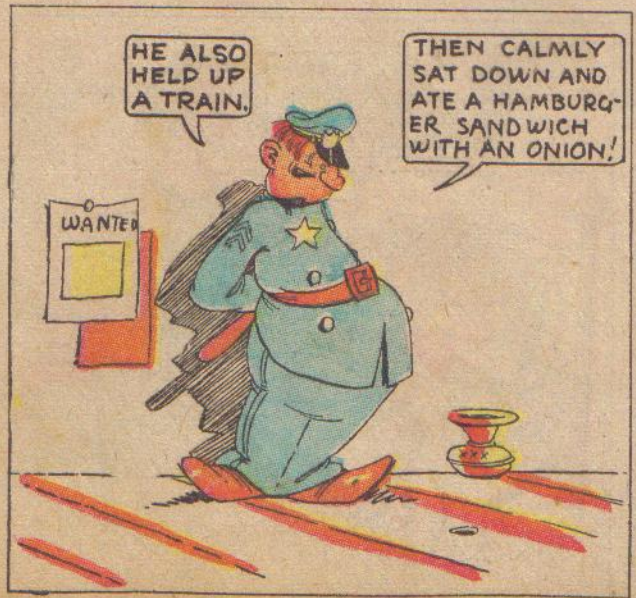

YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE, JR. HURRY OR YOU'LL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT EATING.

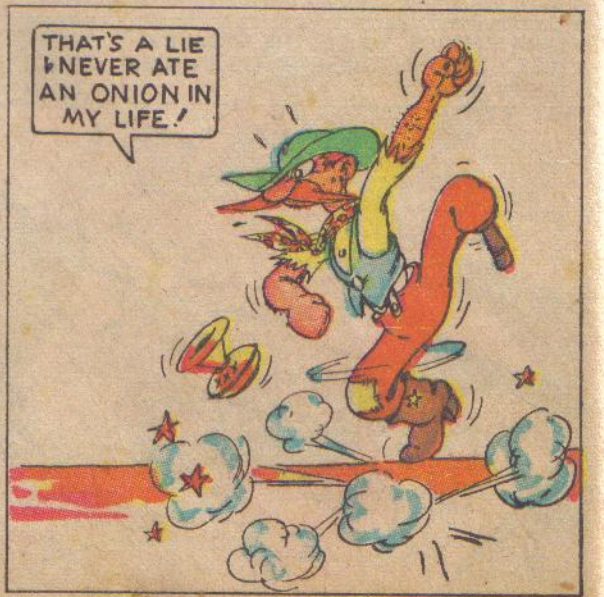

KILLER-
McGEE


McGEE, YAH BOINED DOWN A BANK LAST WEEK—
SO WHUT?
VOTE FER HIM
TWICE

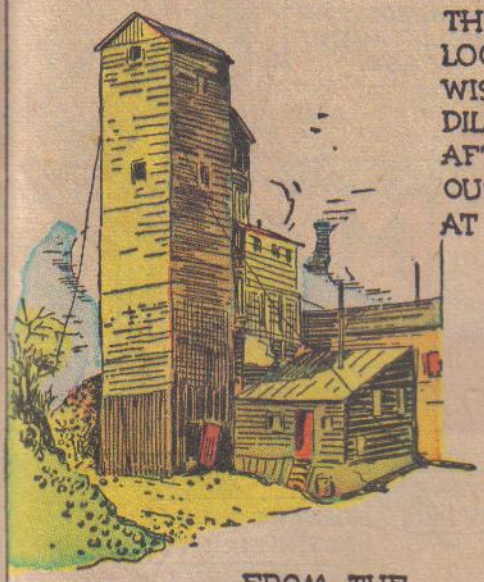

AND ROBBED THE POST OFFICE AND KILLED THREE MEN!
JURY
WANTED

THEN STOLE A HERD OF CATTLE—

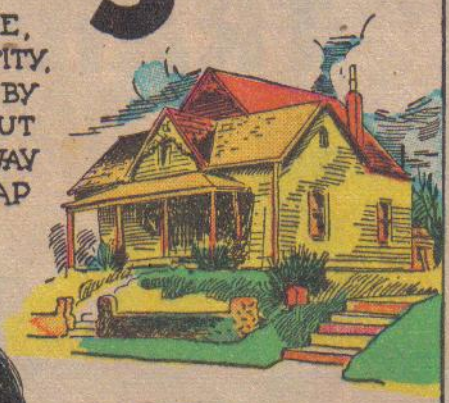

HE ALSO HELD UP A TRAIN.
THEN CALMLY SAT DOWN AND ATE A HAMBURGER SANDWICH WITH AN ONION!
WANTED


THAT'S A LIE! NEVER ATE AN ONION IN MY LIFE!

John Dillinger

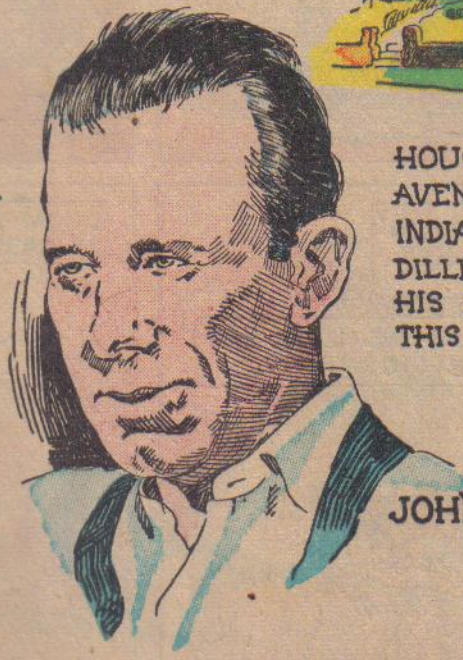


THIS ABANDONED MINE, LOCATED NEAR CUBA CITY, WISCONSIN, WAS USED BY DILLINGER AS A HIDEOUT AFTER HE SHOT HIS WAY OUT OF A POLICE TRAP AT SPIDER LAKE.

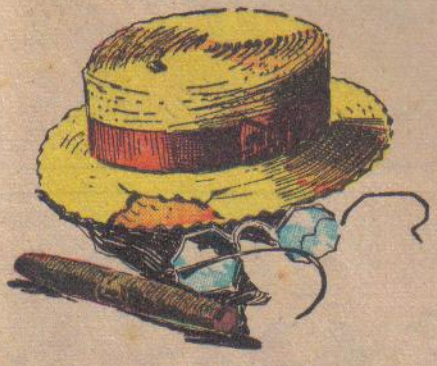


HOUSE ON CAROLINE AVENUE, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, WHERE JOHN DILLINGER WAS BORN. HIS FATHER OWNED THIS PROPERTY.

FROM THE UPRER WINDOW OF THE SHAFT, IT IS POSSIBLE TO SEE ALMOST TWENTY MILES ON A CLEAR DAY. IT IS BELIEVED THE OUT-LAW MAINTAINED A LOOK-OUT UP THERE DURING HIS STAY.



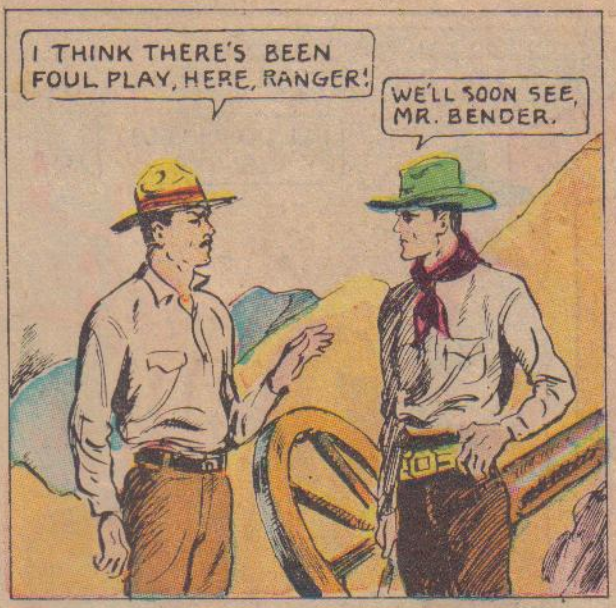
JOHN DILLINGER

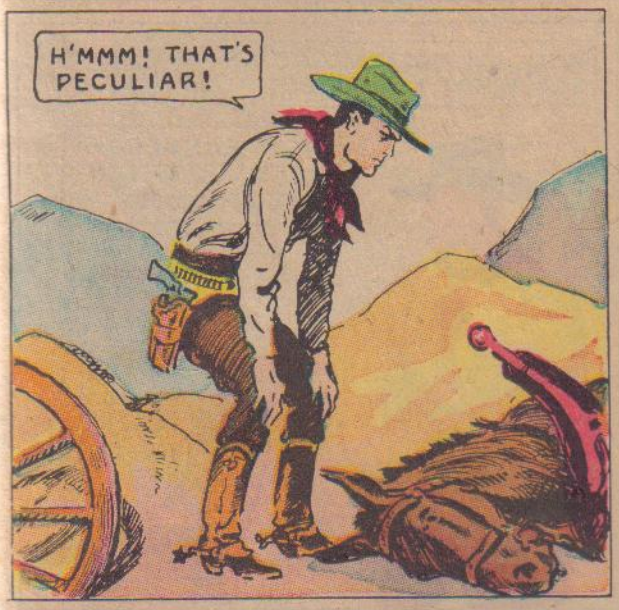


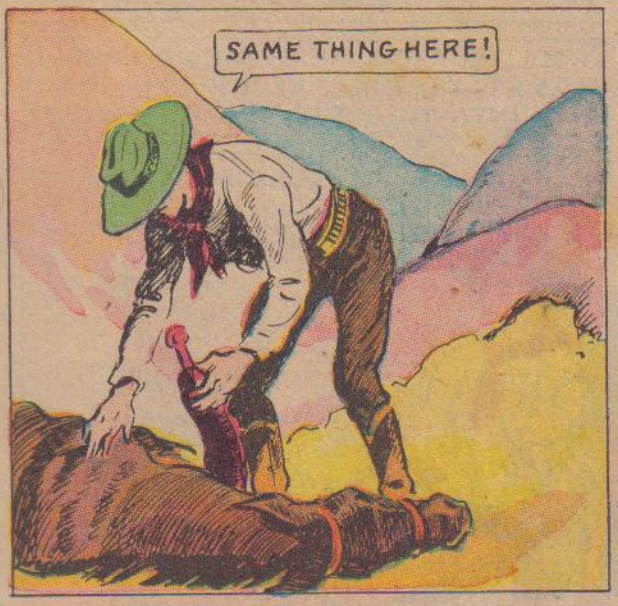
THE MOST NOTOREOUS CRIMINAL OF OUR MODERN TIMES. TO THE LEFT APPEAR THREE RELICS OF HIS LAST STAND--HIS STRAW HAT, WITH A SIGNIFICANT HOLE THROUGH IT; THE GLASSES ON WHICH HE RELIED TO CHANGE HIS APPEARANCE; AND THE CIGAR HE WAS ABOUT TO LIGHT WHEN A VOLLEY OF BULLETS FROM THE GUNS OF THE "G"-MEN ENDED HIS CAREER.

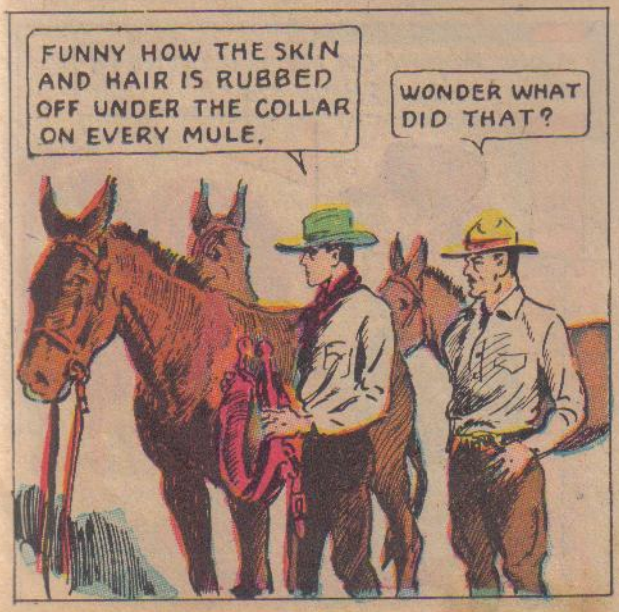
AT RUNNING GUN PLAY HE WAS A MASTER. CARS WERE WRECKED IN PURSUIT.

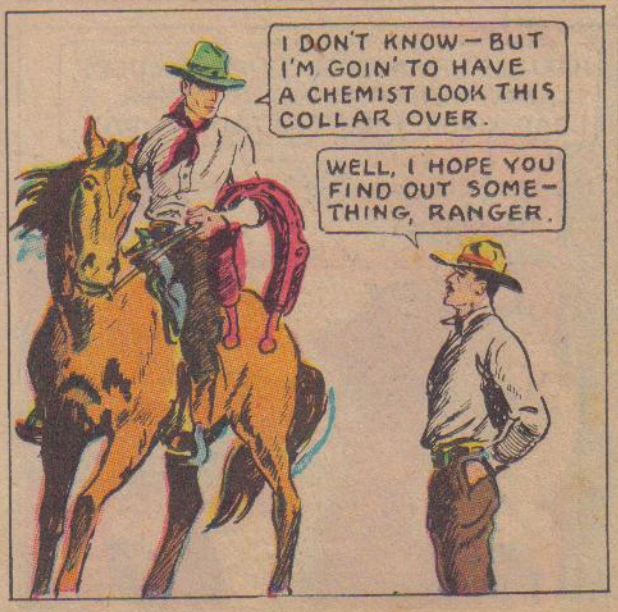
DYNAMITE TRAIL
THIS LOAD OF DYNAMITE GOES TO WELL NO. 27 OVER THE MOUNTAIN.
OKEY, BOSS-AN' WE'LL TAKE IT EASY.
AIN'T NO DANGER HAULIN' DYNAMITE IF YA TAKES IT SLOW.
YEAH-WE NEVER HAD A ACCIDENT YIT.
DYNAMITE
WHOA! TAKE IT EASY!
THEY'RE SHORE ACTIN' FUNNY!
WHOA! YA DANG FOOLS! WANNA GIT US OVER TH' CLIFF?
DYNAMITE


I THINK THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY, HERE, RANGER!
WE'LL SOON SEE, MR. BENDER.


H'MMM! THAT'S PECULIAR!


SAME THING HERE!

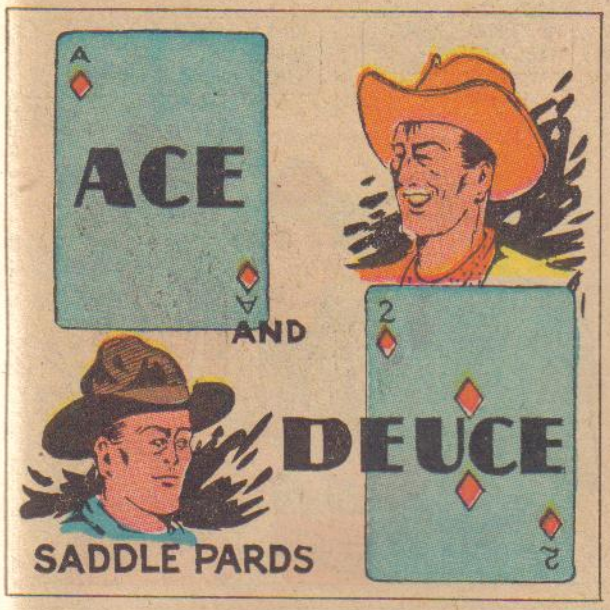

FUNNY HOW THE SKIN AND HAIR IS RUBBED OFF UNDER THE COLLAR ON EVERY MULE.
WONDER WHAT DID THAT?


I DON'T KNOW—BUT I'M GOIN' TO HAVE A CHEMIST LOOK THIS COLLAR OVER.
WELL, I HOPE YOU FIND OUT SOMETHING, RANGER.

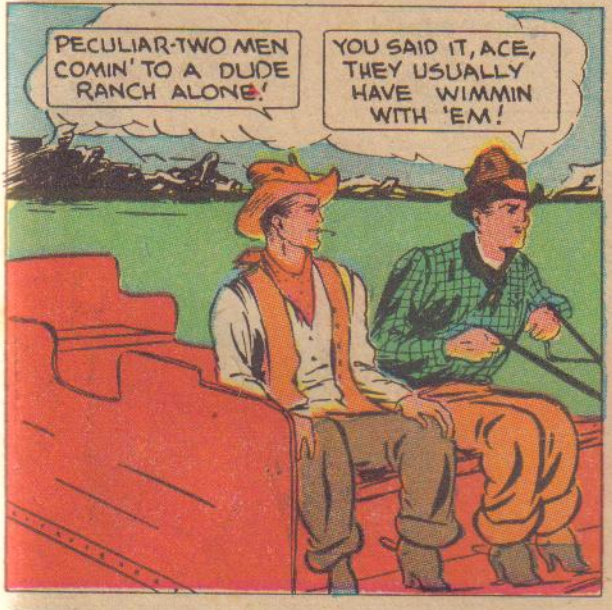
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND SOMETHING ON THAT COLLAR THAT DON'T BELONG THERE, DOC.
I'LL DO MY BEST, RANGER.
YOU'RE RIGHT! ACID HAS BEEN POURED ON THE INSIDE OF THAT COLLAR!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
Y'SEE, THE PRESSURE OF THE COLLARS AGAINST THE MULES KEPT RUBBIN' THE ACID INTA THEIR SKIN, 'TILL THEY BOLTED.
WHAT SCOUNDREL DO YOU SUPPOSE DID THAT?
WELL, I'LL MOSEY ALONG AN' SEE WHAT I CAN SEE!
OKAY, RANGER— HOPE YOU CATCH THE CROOK!
HARNESS UP ANOTHER TEAM OF MULES, SLAGG. WE'RE TAKING ANOTHER LOAD OVER THE MOUNTAIN TODAY.
OKAY
MAKE MONEY ON ME, WILL THEY? HEH! I'LL SHOW EM!
ACID

HOLD ON, YOU!
TAKE THAT, YOH SNOOPIN' RANGER!
COME BACK HERE, YA COYOTE!
C'MON, HOSS, SHAKE THEM LEGS!

I'LL GIT YUH FER THIS, RANGER!
WELL, HERE I AM!
I'LL LEARN YUH NOT TO BUTT IN!
I THINK YA NEED A LESSON YO'SELF!
HERE'S YOUR MAN, MR. BENDER!
SLAGG! IT'S ALL CLEAR, NOW. WE BOUGHT HIS OIL LANDS FROM HIM.
AND WHEN HE SPENT HIS DOUGH ON LIQUOR WE GAVE HIM THIS JOB.
AN' I GUESS HE WAS SORE 'CAUSE YOU WAS MAKIN' MONEY OFF HIS LAND, AND HE WASN'T.


ACE
AND
DEUCE
SADDLE PARDS

TWO NOO YAWK GENTLEMEN ARRIVING ON THE 2:15 – BETTER HURRY DOWN AND MEET 'EM!
OKAY, BOSS!


PECULIAR-TWO MEN COMIN' TO A DUDE RANCH ALONE!
YOU SAID IT, ACE, THEY USUALLY HAVE WIMMIN WITH 'EM!

HEAH SHE IS – DEUCE!
WONDER WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?

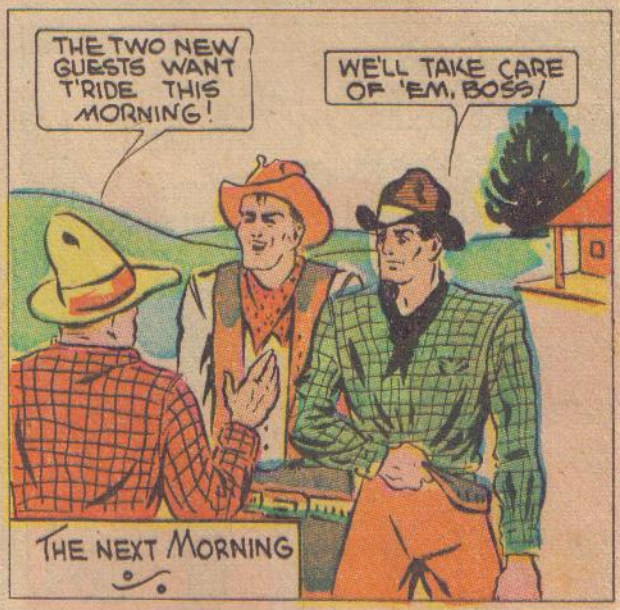
TAKE MY GRIPS, BOY – LET'S GO!
YES-SUH!

THIS IS JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE AWAY FROM OUR-ER-BUSINESS ASSOCIATES-EH?
YEAH, CHIEF – WE'RE A COUPLA DUDES, NOW!

THESE GRIPS IS DURN HEAVY!
YEAH-THEY MUST BE FILLED WITH LEAD!

IS THEM GUNS LOADED?
ONLY WITH BLANKS, SUH-WE WEAR 'EM JEST FER APPEARANCE

THEY'D BE SCARED STIFF IF THEY KNEW THEY WERE LOADED, EH-DEUCE?
YEAH, ACE, BUT THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE THE SCARY KIND-

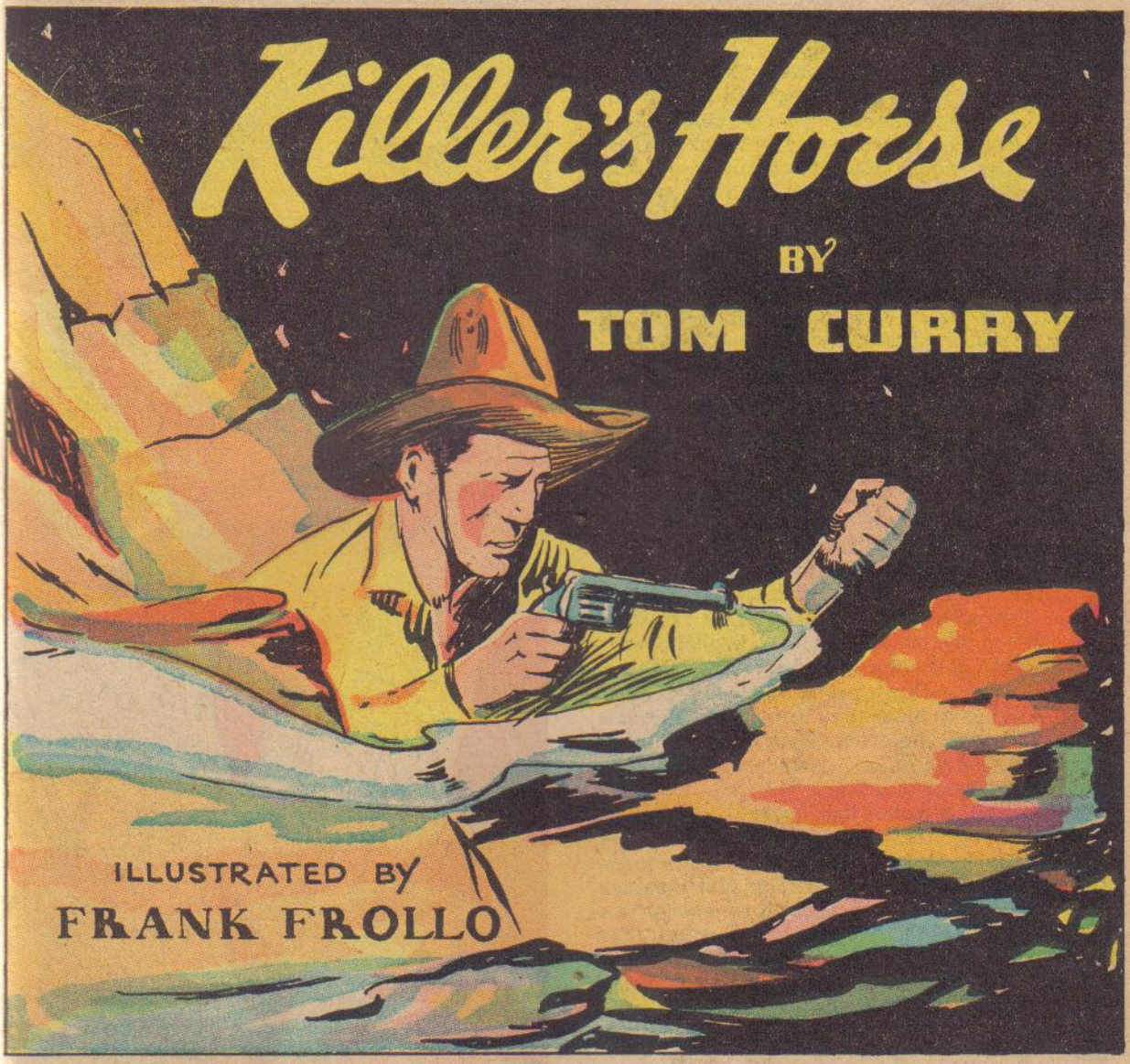

THE TWO NEW GUESTS WANT T'RIDE THIS MORNING!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM, BOSS!
THE NEXT MORNING

I'LL RIDE THAT WILD ONE!
OH, HE'LL THROW YA-I'LL GIT YA A QUIET FELLOW!

YA HEARD ME-DIDN'T YA? I WANT THAT WILD HORSE-
ALL RIGHT — HAVE IT YORE WAY!

-BETTA HOLD ON TIGHT!
DON'T TELL ME HOW TO RIDE, YOU MOVIE COWBOY!
WHOA, THERE YA DEVIL!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, THAR- HAW-HAW!
MAN ALIVE-HE SHORE IS PALE!
WHY-YOU DIRTY---
-I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
HOLD ON-YOU AIN'T SHOOTIN' THET HORSE!

A COUPLA GUN-TOTERS, EH- WELL WE'LL SHOW YA SOME FANCY SHOOTIN'.
BUT I-I-I THOUGHT THEM GUNS WASN'T LOADED!
WAL- YOU THOT WRONG!
COME BACK HERE, YA COYOTE!
I'M KIND TO ALL ANIMALS- 'CEPT SKONKS!
OW-W-W! STOP— HELP— OW-W!
HULLO-WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKA HEAH, DEUCE- THESE COYOTES IS NEW YORK GANGSTERS- AND WANTED FER MURDER!
WAL- THEY DON'T LOOK SO TUFF, NOW!



Tex Morton started suddenly awake. The cookfire had died to a few ruby coals. Overhead the Arizona sky was thick spattered with stars but there was no moon so the shadows were black as ebony.

Rolled in a blanket, head on his saddle, Tex's fingers gripped the six-gun beside him —he was a light sleeper and cocked his ears to hear what must have startled him. Off to the right a stone rolled and a pony gave a deep sniff.

"That yuh, Billy?" he called, sure it was his own pet bronc, whom he had turned out on hobbles for the night.

The reply was a fusillade of shots, blue flame spitting in the dark. The amazed Tex, a stranger in the country, rolled behind a rock and came up in fighting position, six-gun rising, hammer back under his thumb. He sent a slug into the bushes and heard it whip the leaves. The explosions echoed in the deep draws and bluffs.

"Hey—what's the idea?" he bawled, thinking it must be a mistake—he wasn't worth killing and robbing.

The answer still was lead, that hit the rock he squatted behind and ricocheted off with a whining shriek, stone fragments spattering him. He began to heat up and swore as he pasted bullets at intervals of a foot into the bushes.

Whoever it was didn't like that. Tex heard him retreating. With a whoop the tall waddy rose on his hind legs and charged, firing as he ran. But he heard hoofbeats, glimpsed a vague shape fleeing across shadowy land. He sent a couple after the midnight gunman and ran on a way but then stopped with a shrug for he could not keep up with a horse. He stared after the gunman until he was gone, which was not long. Then he returned to bed —Billy, his horse, would have wandered off to graze and anyway there was no use chasing trouble. Hally French had promised him

some in the short note sent to Tex Morton, as well as a foreman's job.

He lay down and went back to sleep. Red dawn woke him. He rolled out of his blanket, rangy, broad-shouldered figure stretching the cramps out. He was in good spirits. He had been in the saddle a week on his way from Texas to the Circle F, Hally French's spread —French was fifteen years older than Tex, had wisely invested his savings in a ranch as working partner, a rich dude furnishing the larger capital, French the expert knowledge. Then Hally had got himself crippled up by an outlaw bronc and had sent for Tex, mentioning that undefined "trouble"—Hally was never one to waste words, especially on paper.

Trouble in future never bothered Tex. He set about cooking breakfast, figuring it was his last campout before hitting the Circle F. It was a swell morning and he thoroughly enjoyed the coffee, string beef and biscuits he shook up—a nearby hill stream furnished fresh water for washing and cooking. He took a look around the bushes where his assailant had lurked but beyond a few broken twigs and indistinct heelprints there was nothing.

Climbing to a high point he looked around with narrowed blue eyes for Billy. He saw the pony standing with head lowered under a big cottonwood a quarter mile off and walked to him.

Whistling a tune the horse liked as he came up, Tex clicked his lips lovingly. Billy glanced listlessly at him and shook his pink-snouted head, with the peculiar white splash under the right eye, as though to say he was too tired to move. A scare ran through Tex for he thought Billy was sick. The bronc was usually full of fun in the morning. He gentled Billy by patting his brown neck—it was matted with dry foam. Long scratches showed on his sides.

"Where 'n thunder 've yuh bin, Billy?" growled the man. Why, along his pet's ribs were slashes, congealed blood dried there.

Swearing, Tex took him to the stream where he washed him and brushed him. He saddled up and rode at a slow walk southeast. He had gone but a few miles when he saw half a dozen riders coming. They were hitting a fast clip. Still angry and puzzled at Billy's condition, Morton pulled up. He was alert as the men neared him.

"What yuh want, gents?" he called.

Then he saw the leader wore a sheriff's star —he was a big hombre with steely eyes and a fighting man's long jaw. "Howdy, sheriff," said Tex, starting Billy forward. "Kin yuh tell me how much further is the Circle F—?"

A dozen eyes fixed him. No face broke. The sheriff gave a signal without taking his gaze off Tex—especially the gun hand.

"What's the matter?" demanded Morton, disliking the icy scrutiny of the posse as they surrounded him in a circle.

The sheriff's thick brows were together as he pushed his pony against Billy and grasped Tex's gun wrist. Tex tore away his hand, amazed and insulted, tried to back away. The officer at once whipped out a six-shooter to cover him.

"Yuh're under arrest," he growled. "Dave, tie his hands to the horn. I guess Anson kin identify him. It's sure enough like he said."

Tex's protestations were received in that cold silence. He was searched—he had a couple of hundred wages in his belt. "What'd yuh do, cache the rest?" demanded the sheriff. He delegated three men to back trail. "See kin yuh find where he camped; that five thousand may be hid some place around."

"I never seen any five thousand," Tex cried. "Yuh got me wrong. I done rode from Texas and camped out last night——"

"Some campin' party," the sheriff said dryly.

It was a dreary ride to the cowtown fifteen miles south—westward lay the rolling Circle F Along Main Street, with facing rows of wooden shacks, some having false second-floor fronts, the grim posse rode with its prisoner. A knot of waddies and citizens hung around the steps of the small jail.

Billy, who had traveled slowly, dejected and tired, snorted and gave a violent jerk of his pretty head. The men holding his reins pulled him down as he bucked.

At the sheriff's order, Tex's hands were untied and he was yanked from the saddle. Ugly looks were cast at him. "Is this the skunk that kilt Sam, Robinson?" a thickset cowboy growled.

A rangy man with a short-clipped black mustache shouted, "String him up!"—Cries of approbation from the crowd.

The town was aroused, furious. But Sheriff Robinson was a strong-minded man. He said coldly, "That'll do, Harrison—and yuh too, Lewis, lay offa that talk, I'm pertectin' my pris'ner, savvy?" He pushed the ringleaders aside and took Tex into the jail.

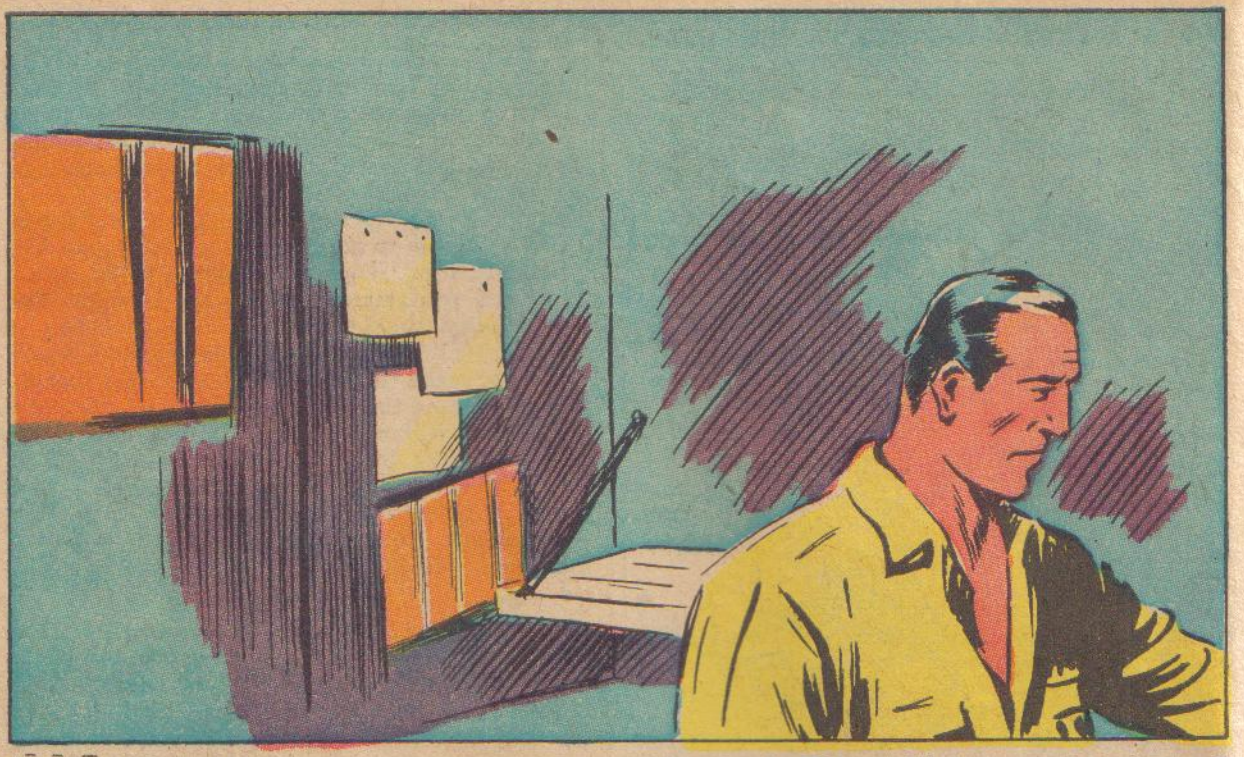
There was a single cell in back. Tex was shoved in, the gate locked. After a short wait a small man with a freshly bandaged right arm appeared. Robinson took him to the hitchrack up front—the door was open so Tex could look through and see.

"That's the hoss, sure as shootin'," cried Anson, the small man. "I'd know him in a million, sheriff."

Billy disliked the company. He kept snorting, trying to break away. The sheriff ordered two deputies to take Billy to the livery stable, feed him and bed him down. Then Robinson led Anson in.

"Kin yuh identify him?" he asked the victim.

The small man's brows were corrugated as he stared through the bars at Tex. "Huh," he growled, "so yuh're the hombre who murdered and robbed Sam, and wounded me last



night."

"No I ain't," cried Tex Morton.

"That was yore pony," replied Anson, and turned to Robinson. "Yuh know, I told yuh the bandit was masked to the eyes, had on a poncho with Stetson pulled down. I seen the horse plain though as he gunned old Sam, shot him in the spine, then clipped me. I managed to reach the rocks and fired some with my left but I'm a right-handed shooter, and he had Sam's money and was gone 'fore I could do much. I b'lieve this 's the man; he was tall like this feller."

Tex realized it now that hombre who had gunned him in the night had first caught Billy to use in that murderous holdup, throwing the blame on the pony's owner. He tried to convince Robinson of this but the evidence was strong and he was a stranger. He asked them to send for Hally French. The sheriff shook his head.

"Hally's laid up, can't ride. I'll ask him 'bout yuh, though—there's some of his men in the crowd, Lewis is his range boss, and Harrison forks a bronc fer him. But what good'll that do? Yuh had plenty chanct to do that job last night. Tell me where the money is and it'll go easier with yuh, waddy."

"I ain't got it, I tell yuh."

The crowd outside was growing in size—and demonstration. It was degenerating into a mob. Every so often some public-minded citizen would shout drinks were on him and there would be a stampede for the saloon down the street. After ten or fifteen minutes they returned in warmer spirits than before. The word, lynch, was now freely bandied about.

Disarmed and helpless in the cell, Tex sat on the hard bench. He was not afraid but was disgusted at the sudden end to his high hopes. He had grown tired of being a hired waddy ing hard, saving, till he owned a piece of the Circle F. That seemed a crazy idea now.

The armed men grew so bold, several going so far as to fetch lariats and run them significantly through their fingers, fixing slip nooses and begging one another to find a strong tree limb, that Sheriff Robinson decided to reply in kind. On a rack rested a couple of shotguns and a rifle and clearing his throat loudly, the officer took them down and putting his feet on the table, began to clean and oil the weapons, reload them. He even shut one eye and looked through a shotgun barrel at the mob—this sent the men in front backing on the toes of the eager rear ranks. Lewis, the Circle F foreman, offered drinks and after a couple of rounds, they returned more bold than ever.

Darkness found torches redly blazing, the howling sounding like a wolf pack. Robinson's deputies guarded the door, holding the lynchers back. The sheriff finally locked the front entrance. He came back and lit a rolled cigarette, sat near Tex's bars.

"Hally French sent word back by my messenger yuh're okay," growled Robinson. "That don't mean nuthin' so fur as Anson's identification goes, but it makes me think *mebbe* there's a mistake."

"Somebody framed me," Tex told him.

Robinson shrugged. "I took that into account. Hally claims he's the on'y man knowed yuh was headin' fer these parts."

They were banging on the door. A deputy yelled to Robinson they couldn't hold much longer. "I hate to start shootin'; there'll be plenty blood spilled and if they git goin', no sayin' where it'll end," the sheriff said, wiping the sweat off his brow.

Tex liked Robinson. "Why not take me outa here and hide me till this is cleared up?" he suggested. "Otherwise I'll be daid 'fore

"How we gonna git yuh away with that mob here?"

"Easy." Tex was not anxious to die an ignominious, uncalled-for death. "Git one of yore men to buy drinks at the saloon. While most of 'em are gone, we kin make a run fer it."

Robinson slapped his knee, front chair legs hitting the floor with a bang. "I'll try it," he agreed.

"Be sure to git my own pony, Billy, fer me," Tex said. He waited. Robinson went cleverly about the preparations, sending a trusted man to the livery stable to saddle up the horses and circle with them to the bushes near the back of the jail. When all was ready, he gave the signal and his man offered drinks for the crowd. There was a stampede for the saloon as usual—yelling makes the throat dry as summer's dust. Only a few remained at the jail.

Robinson unlocked the cell and Tex stepped out. The sheriff pushed his prisoner out the rear door into the red torchlight.

"There they go!" screamed a man in front. "Hey — boys — quick — the sheriff's takin' that killer out—" A deputy hit him in the mouth, knocked him down, but the cry had been heard and as Tex and Robinson dashed for the ponies, the mob issued forth.

Billy snorted to his master as Tex hit the saddle. The rest, grooming and feed had freshened the horse. He spurted off. Gunshots rang out as the two horsemen, dark shadows against the night sky, swept down behind the houses, headed for the plain. Robinson rode to the rear, looked back at the mob.

"They're comin," Tex heard him growl.

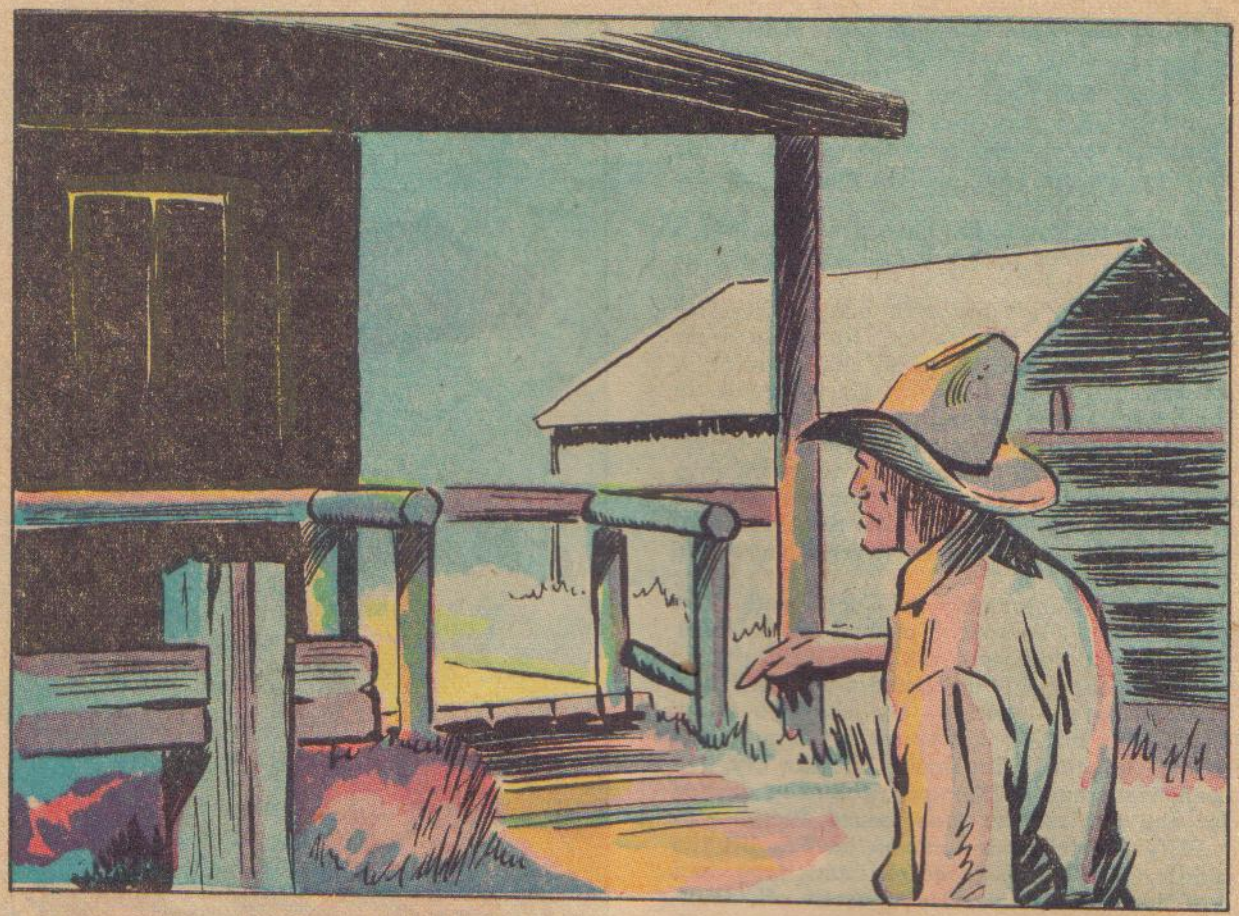
Bullets whirled near them. Low in the saddle, Tex urged Billy on and the pony was only too glad to run. They had a three-hundred yard start, as the pursuers had to find ponies and untangle them at the hitch-racks, mount and follow. Billy's dainty legs flew faster and faster, picking up yard after yard on the sheriff's mount.

As they swept east away from town, the sheriff gave a sharp yelp. His pony broke stride and almost tossed him. Tex Morton put his weight on his left stirrup and Billy slid to a stop. "What's wrong?" Tex cried.

"My hoss is wounded," called Robinson. "Ride on, Morton, don't let 'em ketch yuh. They'll string yuh sure now."

"Thanks," Tex replied. "I won't fergit, sheriff." He heard hot lead whistling closer, and Billy started off full-tilt.

It was a hard ride through the night. Any moment Billy might step in a hole and throw his rider, pin him to be pummeled and finally strung up by that howling mob of drunks. But through expert horsemanship, luck and Billy's ability they gradually shook off the pursuit.



Alone and unarmed, Tex Morton bore around north, finally heading due west. He could no longer hear the yells and hoofs, he had lost them in the darkness by his doubling back, and he made in the general direction of Hally French's Circle F. It was close to midnight when he saw a faint yellow light speck in the distance, and riding in, pulled up near the ranchhouse. He left Billy in the shadows and quietly tiptoed up on the porch, looked through an open window. He saw Hally French, his old pal, sitting in a chair with a leg in a cast strapped straight out before him. Hally had an anxious frown on his weatherbeaten face, was listening intently.

Morton went to the door and stepped inside. Hally's eyes lit with gladness as he saw his young friend. "Howdy, boy, yuh're a sight fer sore eyes—and a sore laig too," cried French, hand out.

Tex clasped it, sat down by him, quickly told him what had happened.

"Huh," French growled, "I don't savvy it, 'less it was jist an accident, Tex."

"Sheriff said no one knowed I was comin' here but yuh, Hally."

"That's right. I never said a word 'bout that letter I done wrote yuh."

"But all this couldn't be chance, Hally. Who mailed that there letter to me?"

"Why, I sent Stub Harrison in with it."

"I seen Harrison at the jail, in the mob."

"I allus figgered Stub was okay. I was aimin' to fire Lewis, my foreman, mebbe. When I was up and around I run things myself but after I got hurt I had to have a good boss. Lewis is awright but he's no expert and I decided to git yuh over, Tex, and have yuh handle the spread fer me. I bin losin' a bunch of stock—"

"Somebuddy's comin'," broke in Tex, as Billy gave a shrill whinny and his hoofs thudded the dirt.

"Some of my boys bin in town today," Hally said. "Prob'ly they're comin' home. Here—take my gun, Tex, pertect yoreself if need be. No lynchin' will take place if I know it. Yuh're safe with me. Wait in that front bedroom, it's dark. I'll talk to 'em."

Riders swept to the porch. Peeking from the bedroom window, Tex saw Billy gallop off. Four men dismounted in a dust whirl and stamped up on the porch. One was Stub Harrison, another Lewis the foreman, two other waddies with them.

"Hey, boss," cried Lewis. "Where's that outlaw? He done escaped from the sheriff."

"That's his hoss out there," agreed Harrison. "We chased him but he escaped, so we come home. He murdered Old Sam and robbed him and Anson."

Hally French said sternly, "Now keep yore lips buttoned, the passel of yuh. Tex Morton's

no killer and robber, savvy? He's my best pal and he's come here to take charge of this spread."

Lewis shrugged and said coldly, "I s'pose that means I'm fired."

"I do, 'less yuh want to stay on as a waddy," replied French. "Harrison, what'd yuh do with that letter I give yuh to mail Tex?"

Morton waited. He heard Harrison say, "Why, I mailed it, boss, like yuh told me to."

That letter, Tex decided, had been read before it was sent. Harrison had had it, yet Lewis was foreman. An idea came to him, and he stepped quickly into the big room.

"There's that dirty outlaw," shouted Lewis.

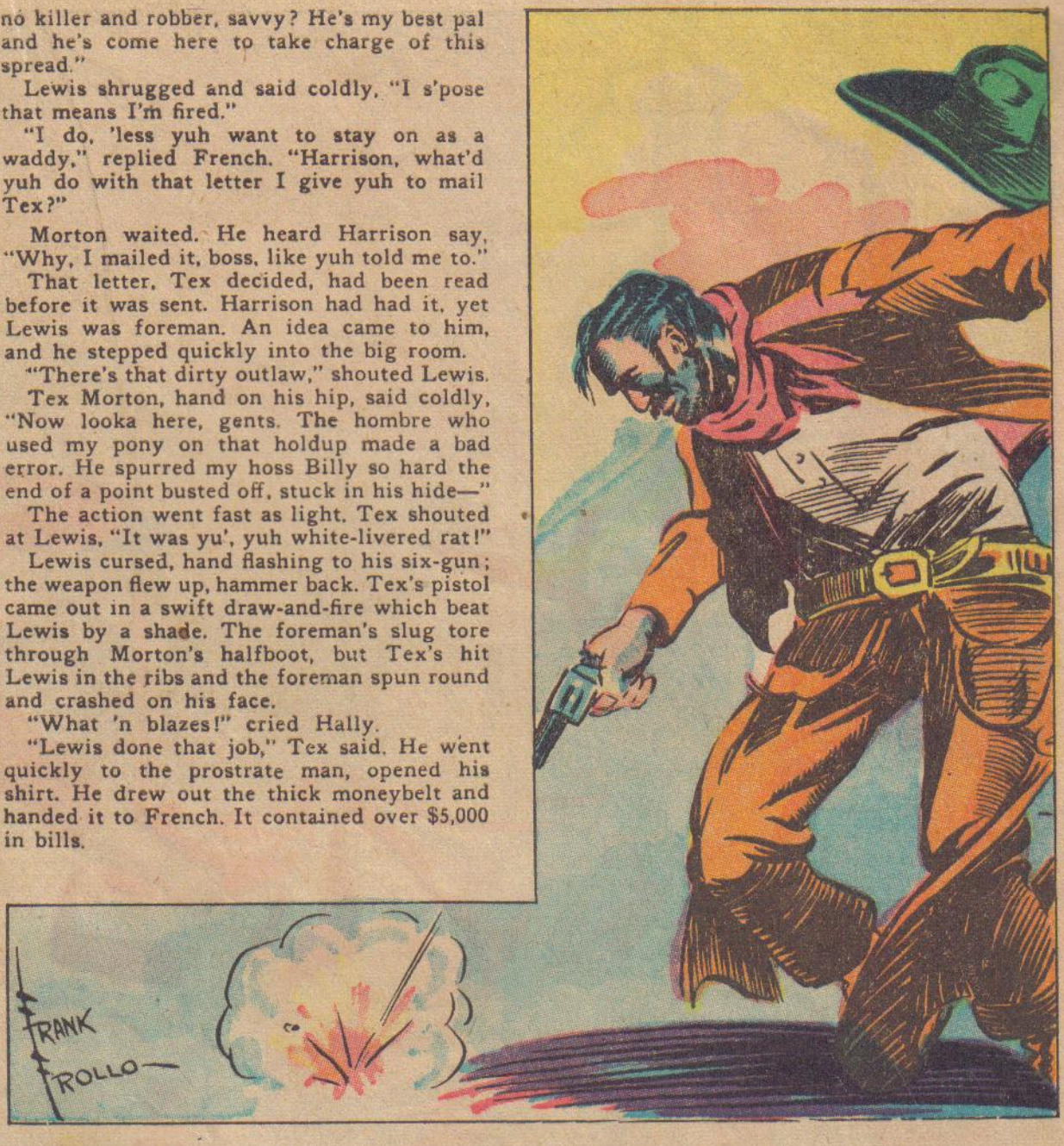
Tex Morton, hand on his hip, said coldly, "Now looka here, gents. The hombre who used my pony on that holdup made a bad error. He spurred my hoss Billy so hard the end of a point busted off, stuck in his hide—"

The action went fast as light. Tex shouted at Lewis, "It was yu', yuh white-livered rat!"

Lewis cursed, hand flashing to his six-gun; the weapon flew up, hammer back. Tex's pistol came out in a swift draw-and-fire which beat Lewis by a shade. The foreman's slug tore through Morton's halfboot, but Tex's hit Lewis in the ribs and the foreman spun round and crashed on his face.

"What 'n blazes!" cried Hally.

"Lewis done that job," Tex said. He went quickly to the prostrate man, opened his shirt. He drew out the thick moneybelt and handed it to French. It contained over $5,000 in bills.



"Now I remember," Stub Harrison cried. "Hally, 'fore I mailed that letter to Morton, Lewis got me to lend it to him. He must've opened it and read what was in it."

"But why?" asked French.

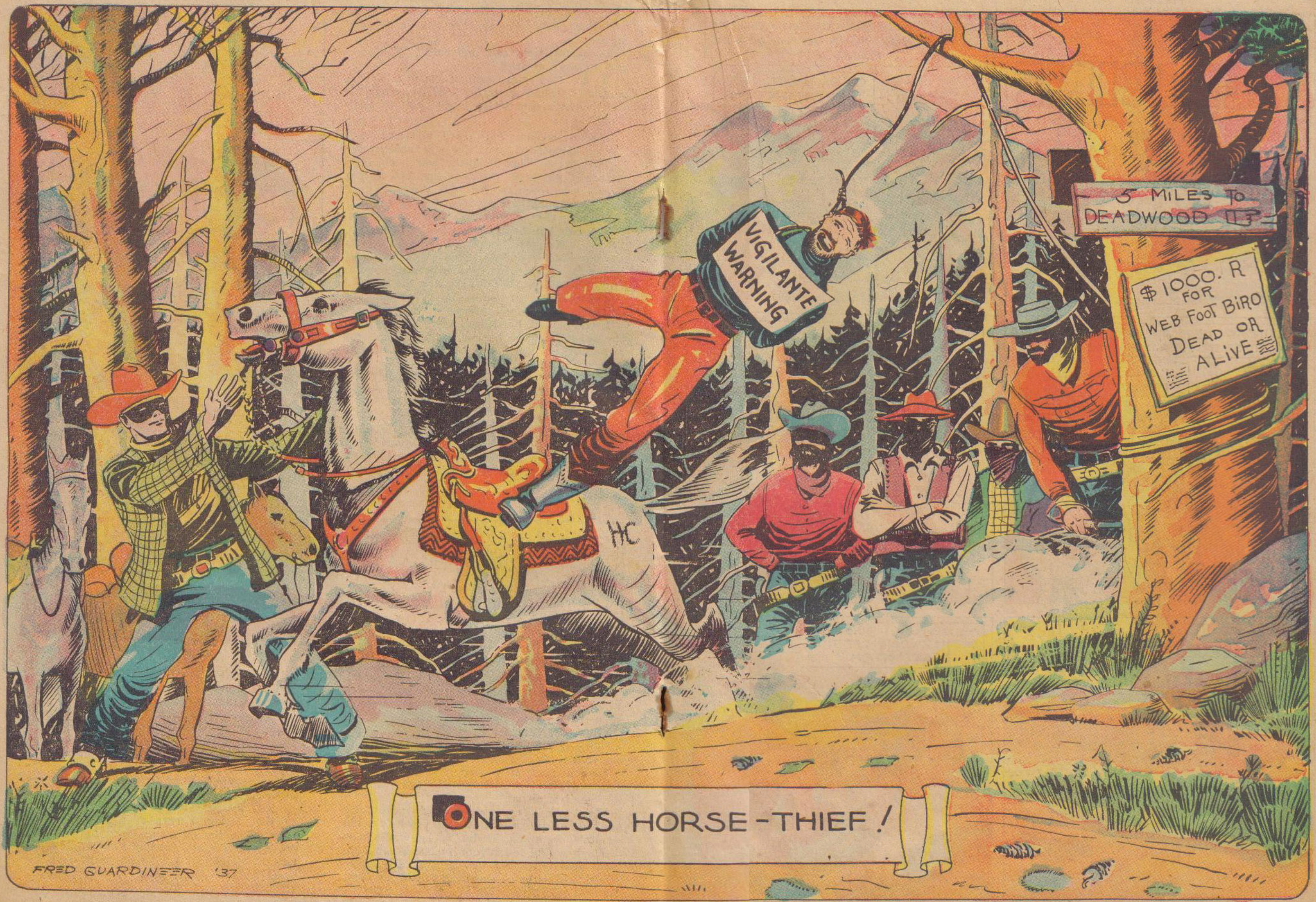
"This tells," answered Tex, holding a note out to French. "It was in Lewis's pocket."

French read it aloud: "'Will be there Thursday. Have two hundred head ready at the Pond as usual."

"That's it," Tex said. "Lewis was plainly hooked up with the rustlers who've bin stealin' yore stock, Hally. He knowed a new foreman would finish him, mebbe ketch him, so he decided to stop me. He took advantage of old Sam carryin' that cash to ruin me, and make hisself a nice bit of cash. He tried to kill me while I was asleep. When his rustler pals come to the Pond, we'll be ready fer 'em." He tapped his six-gun.

Harrison was staring at the dead man's spurs. "Why—Lewis ain't got any broken point," he said. "Yuh claimed the man who used yore hoss left a chunk of metal in his hide."

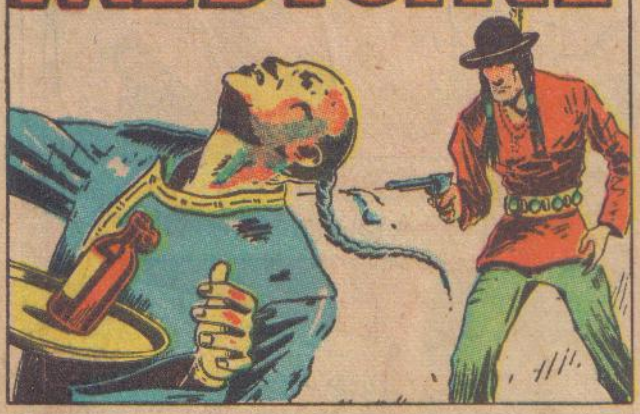
Tex grinned. "I didn't find no spur tip," he confessed. "But I hoped the killer would *think* I had, if he was in the room. 'Count of that letter, I sort of figgered he was. Lewis was the on'y man who looked down quick at his spurs. He was guilty and feared he had really lost a tip that would trap him sure. And when he dove for his gun, that cinched it!"


VIGILANTE WARNING
5 MILES TO DEADWOOD
$1000. R FOR WEB FOOT BIRD DEAD OR ALIVE
HC
ONE LESS HORSE-THIEF!
FRED GUARDINEER '37

VIGILA
WARNING
HC
ONE LESS HORSE-T
FRED GUARDINEER '37

VIGILANTE WARNING
5 MILES TO DEADWOOD
$1000. R FOR WEB FOOT BIRO DEAD OR ALIVE
HC
LESS HORSE-THIEF!

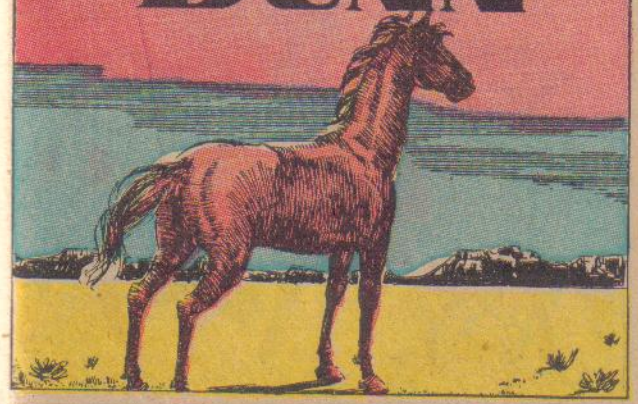
BAD MEDICINE

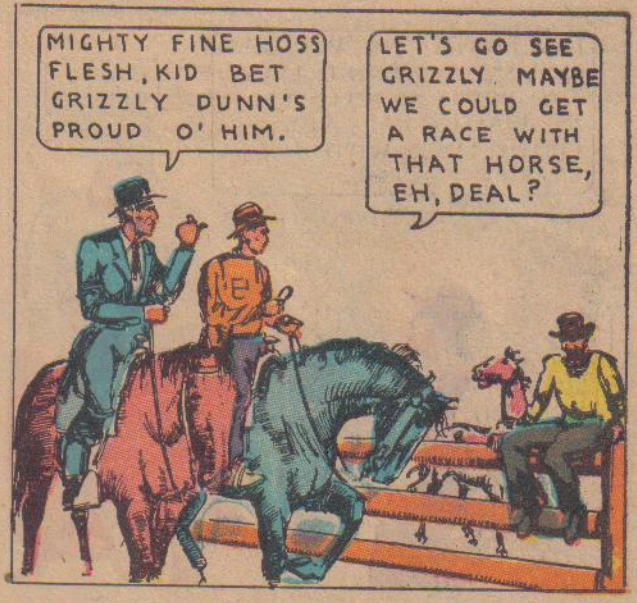


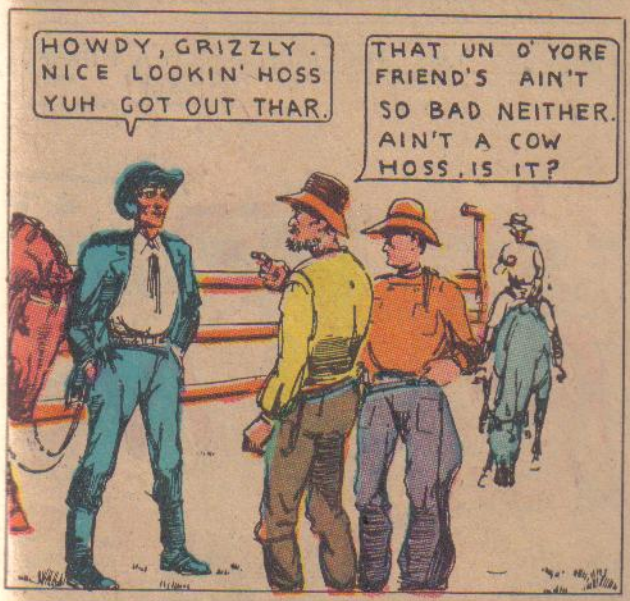
SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS LOOKIN' HOMBRES AROUND, JOE ?
NO SEE NUTHIN'. YOU GO 'WAY FAST.
THERE'S NO HURRY, JOE. WHATCHA GOT UNDER THET BLANKET ?
NO TOUCH BLANKET OR...
WHITE MAN GOT NO BUSINESS HERE. I KILL
I SEE IT NOW, WOLF. YOU ESCAPED FROM JAIL AND YORE BROTHER STOLE THE GRUB TO FEED YA WHILE YOU HIDE OUT.
CHINAMAN CATCH UM FOOD, JOE KILL...WE NEED HOSSES...I KILL YOU, TOO.
YOU'RE OKAY WITH THE KNIFE, WOLF, BUT YOU CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT. YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH FIREWATER
FIREWATER NO HURT AIM.

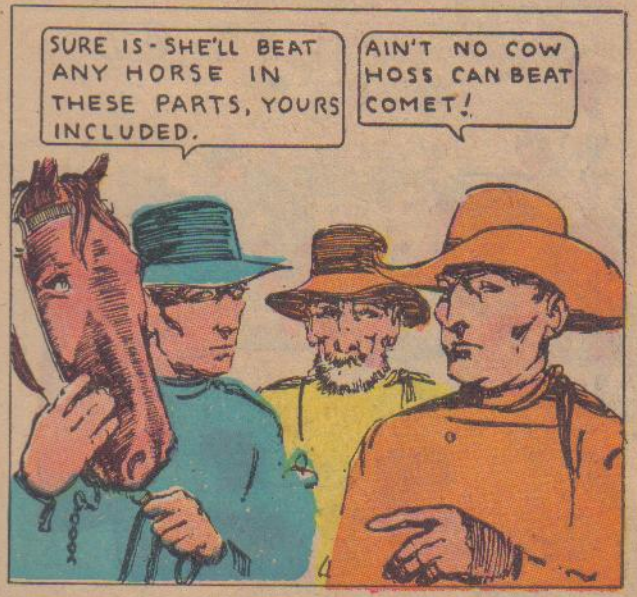
ALL RIGHT / LET'S SEE YOU HIT THAT ROCK THREE TIMES STRAIGHT.
YOU WATCHUM WOLF.
THREE SHOTS HAVE BEEN FIRED.
SEE. WOLF SHOOTUM GOOD ALL TIME.
THET'S THE SIGNAL, 3 SHOTS. THEY SPOTTED 'EM.
YEAH. IT CAME FROM OVER THERE. LET'S GO!
RESCUE COMES QUICKLY.
NO YA DON'T, WOLF!
I'M ALL RIGHT, JED. NOTHIN' SERIOUS. RIGHT SMART TRICK YA PLAYED. GLAD YA GOT 'EM.
YEAH. FIREWATER IS BAD MEDICINE FER INDIANS.
TOG

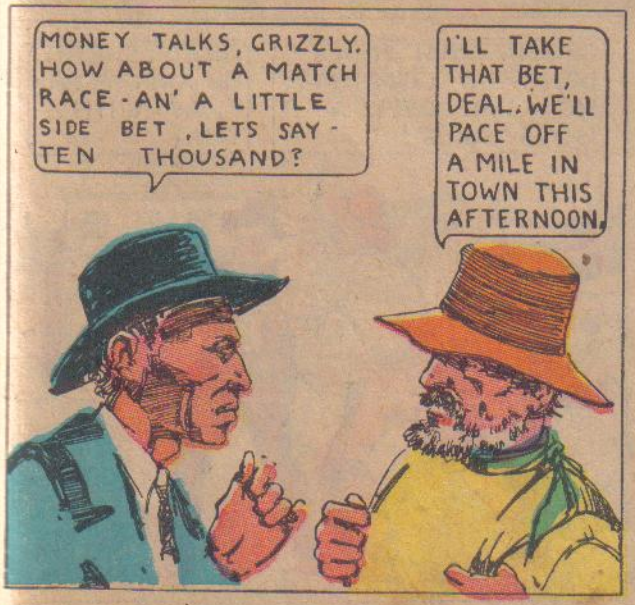
GRIZZLY DUNN

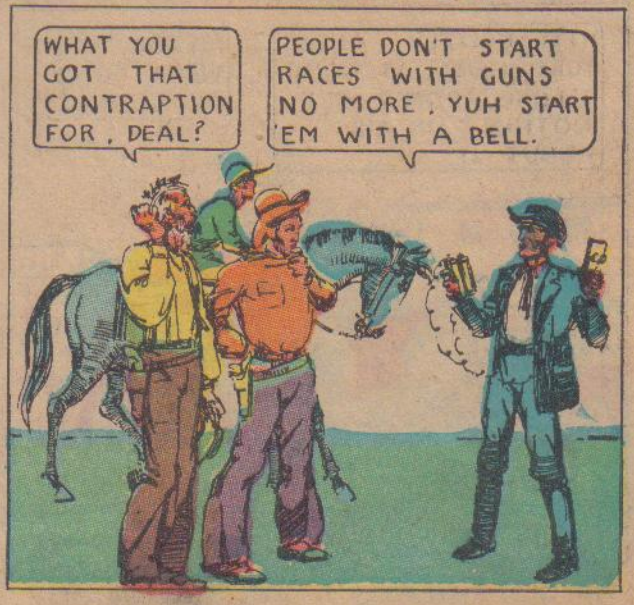










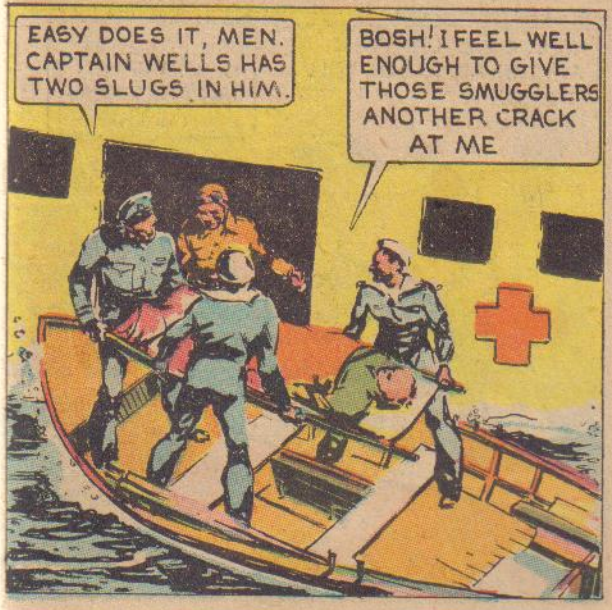


THAT AIN'T NO WESTERN RIG, SAM I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS O' IT I'LL BE WAITIN' AT THE FINISH LINE WITH THE SHERIFF.
OKAY, GRIZZLY.
READY SAM? - READY KID?
GO!
HOORAY FOR THE KID!
GIT A HORSE, SAM!
WELL, GRIZZLY, GUESS YORE HOSS IS GOIN' T'LOSE. DON'T SEE NOTHIN' UNFAIR ABOUT IT.
MEBBE, SHERIFF WE'LL SOON BE SEEIN'!
GRIZZLY, YUH FOOL! DON'T GO COMMITTIN' NO CRIME OVER A HOSS RACE!
LEGGO, SHERIFF. HE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH THAT!

YUH'LL SEE WHEN THEM HOSSES GET TUH THE FINISH!
YO'RE CLEAN OFF YORE HEAD, GRIZZLY!
RYANS
WAL, I'LL BE---
WHOA, YOU-
HYAH, KID! CAN'T YUH RIDE A BUCKIN' HOSS?
YUH SHORE FOOLED ME - GRIZZLY! DURNED IF YE DIDN'T!
TOO BAD THAT EASTERN HOSS YORE FRIEND RODE IS SKEERED O' GUNS, DEAL
YEAH, AN' THATS THE LAST CHEATIN' YUH'L DO AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE!

Errand OF MERCY

BY NORMAN DANIELS


EASY DOES IT, MEN. CAPTAIN WELLS HAS TWO SLUGS IN HIM.
BOSH! I FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO GIVE THOSE SMUGGLERS ANOTHER CRACK AT ME

THEY'RE BAD ONES, LIEUTENANT- PRETENDED TO SURRENDER AND OPENED FIRE WITH MACHINE GUNS WHEN WE BOARDED THEM.

WELL! I'LL BE DOGGONED. YOUR SMUGGLER CRAFT IS RIGHT BELOW, SIR
RADIO THE CUTTER HURRY! THEY'LL TRY TO KILL ME BECAUSE I CAN IDENTIFY THEM.

THERE'S THE PLANE - GET THOSE GUNS WORKING.

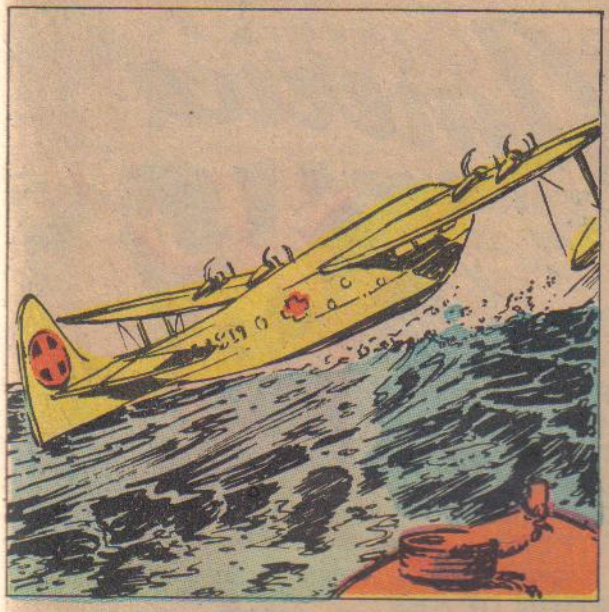
HANG ON, SIR. WE'RE GOING UP - FAST!

OIL LINE IS GONE. WE'RE GOING DOWN - AND ONE OF THEIR BULLETS PUT THE RADIO OUT OF ORDER.
THEY'LL KILL BOTH OF US! HAND ME A GUN!

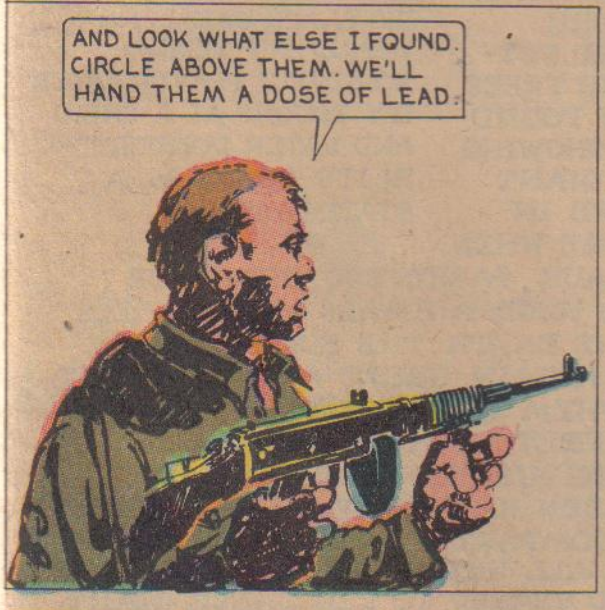
SORRY, SIR, THIS IS AN AMBULANCE PLANE. WE DON'T CARRY GUNS.
THEN WE'RE DONE FOR.
WELCOME, CAPTAIN AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
AND I'M JUST AS SORRY YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.
SO BULLETS WON'T KILL YOU, HUH? WELL, SHARKS WILL!
HIT A WOUNDED MAN, WILL YOU?
THE PLANE IS A GONER — BUSTED OIL LINE SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES
SWELL—WE'LL PUT 'EM BOTH ABOARD AND SINK IT
GUESS IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING.
WE'RE NOT LICKED YET.

IF I COULD REPAIR THAT OIL LINE.
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, JUST BRING THE STRETCHER OUT.
GONNA STRAP THAT NAVY GUY ON IT, HUH? WONDER HOW HE'LL FEEL WHEN THE PLANE SINKS.
IF THEY FIND THE PLANE, THEY'LL FIGURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT AND WE'LL BE CLEAR.
FISH FOOD, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
GIVE WELLS A CHANCE- HE'S BADLY WOUNDED.
SEZ YOU.
THEN I'LL MAKE A CHANCE.
GET 'IM, SUTTON!

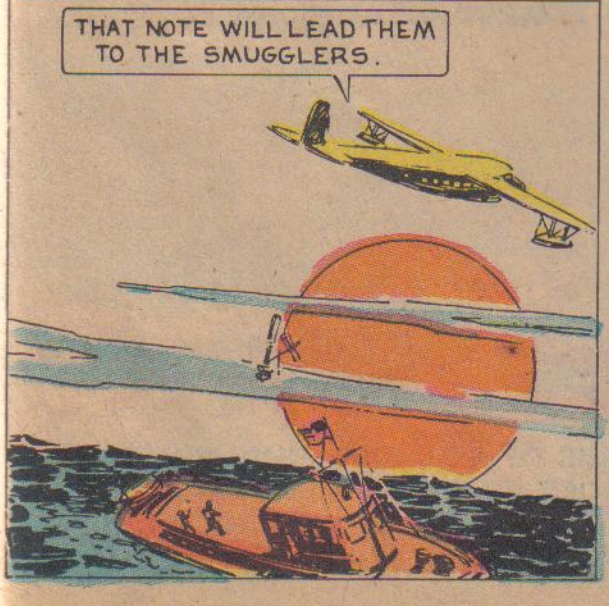
HEAD HIM OFF!
TED RUSHES TO THE DECK.
WELL- NOBODY CAN SAY I DIDN'T TRY.
A LOT OF GOOD IT DID YOU!
HERE IT COMES, SUCKER BASH IN THE TOPS OF THEM PONTOONS, MARVIN.
SEA IS GETTIN' ROUGH. THEY'LL GO DOWN FAST.
SO LONG, SAPS. GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE FISH!
THEY'RE BACK ON THE SHIP. CAN WE MAKE IT, TED?
HOPE SO, HOLD YOUR BREATH, SIR



IT WORKED! LUCKY YOU COULD FIND THAT ADHESIVE, WHEN I LURED THOSE CROOKS ON DECK.


AND LOOK WHAT ELSE I FOUND. CIRCLE ABOVE THEM. WE'LL HAND THEM A DOSE OF LEAD.

THAT GOT 'EM. WE'LL PICK UP A CUTTER BEFORE THE CAN GET AWAY.


THAT NOTE WILL LEAD THEM TO THE SMUGGLERS.

WE DID IT. THEY'LL BE BEHIND BARS WHEN I SEE THEM TONIGHT.
SEE THEM NOTHING. THIS IS AN AMBULANCE PLANE AND YOU ARE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL.

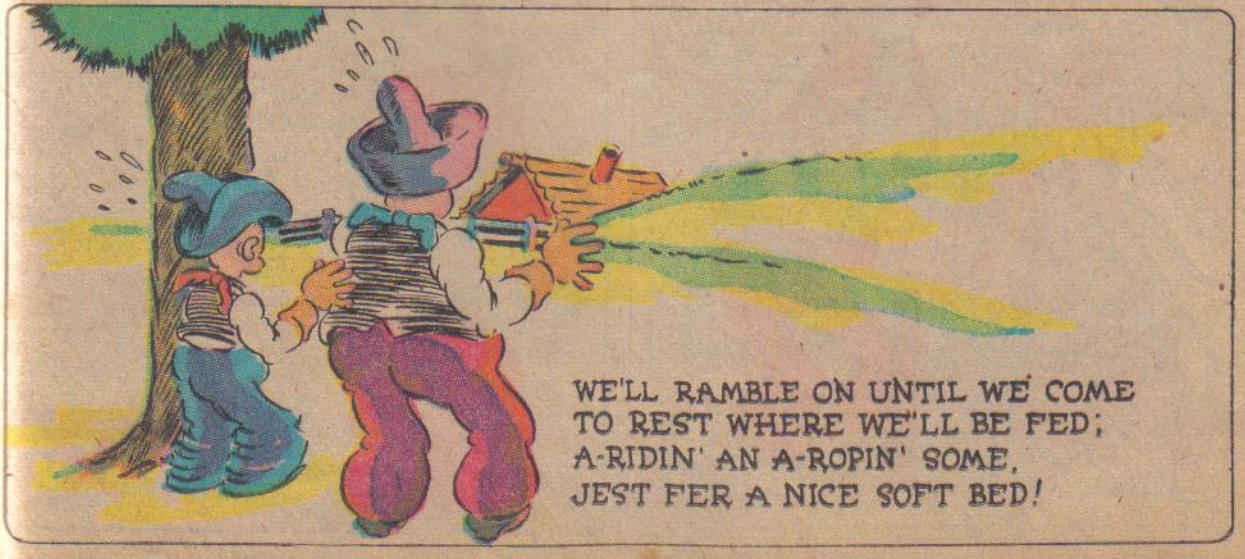
BIG TREES IN America

BIG BLACK OAK-LONG ISLAND, N.Y. TEDDY ROOSEVELT PLAYED UNDER IT'S BOUGHS AS A CHILD AND LATER PONDERED IN IT'S SHADE AS A STATESMAN.

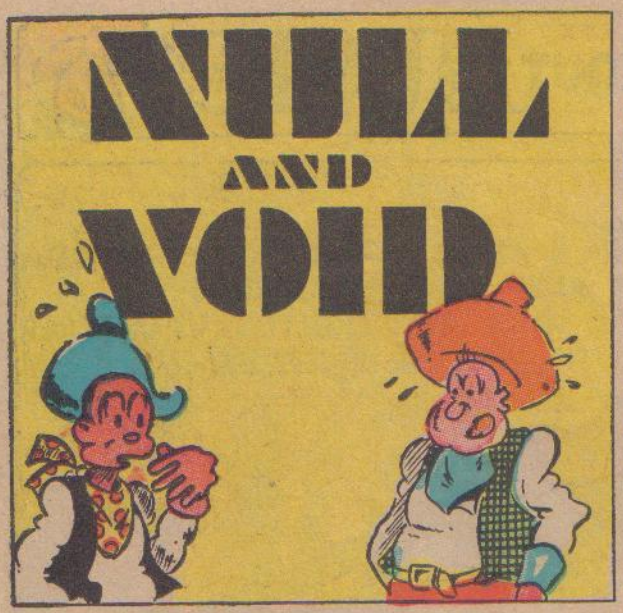
THE HISTORY OF BIG TREES IS AN INTERESTING ONE.~ A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO, THEIR ANCESTORS FLOURISHED OVER A LARGE PORTION OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. FOSSILS OF THE TREES HAVE BEEN FOUND IN PLACES SHOWING THAT THE GIANT TREES WERE IN THEIR PRIME WHEN THE DINOSAUR, SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER, AND OTHER HUGE ANIMALS AND REPTILES WALKED THE EARTH. THE BIG TREES ARE KNOWN TO ATTAIN GREAT AGE AND HEIGHT. SOME OF THEM ARE AT LEAST THREE HUNDRED FEET HIGH, AND FROM THREE TO FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD. THE AGE HAS BEEN PROVEN BY RINGS ON TREES THAT HAVE FALLEN, AS COMPARED WITH THESE LIVING MONARCHS. VISITORS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD ARE ATTRACTED TO THE UNITED STATES TO SEE THESE GIANT TREES AND THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA.

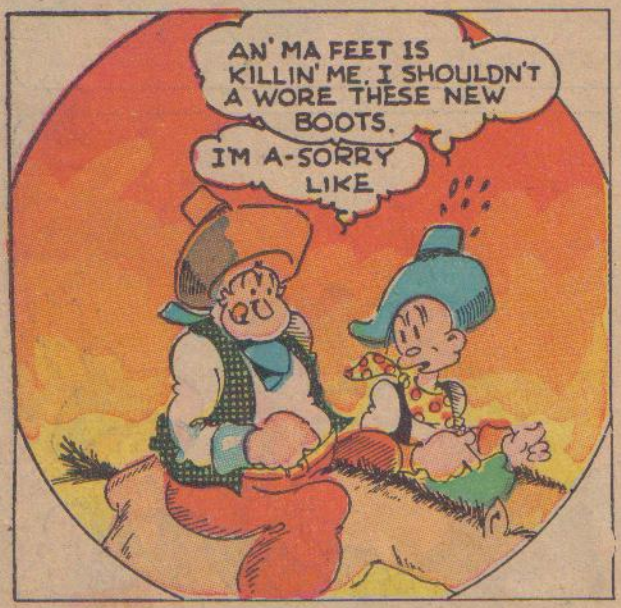
PETRIFIED TREE OF ARIZONA. THIS TREE, NOW SOLID ROCK, IS SAID BY SCIENTISTS TO BE MILLIONS OF YEARS OF AGE.

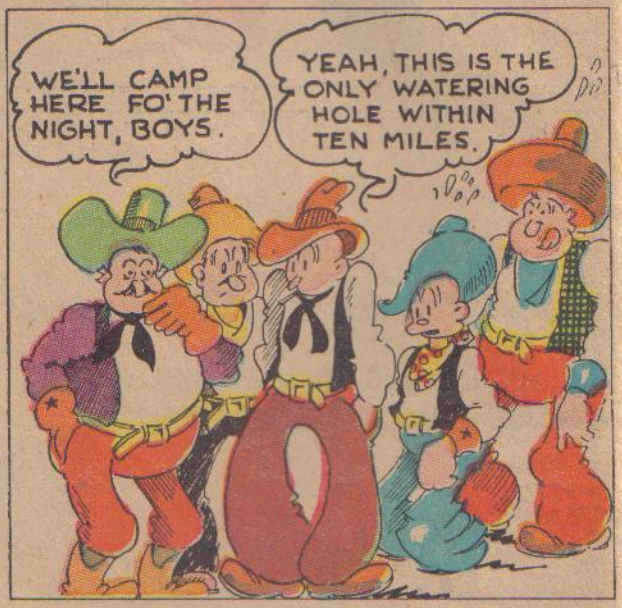
WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC



NULL AND VOID

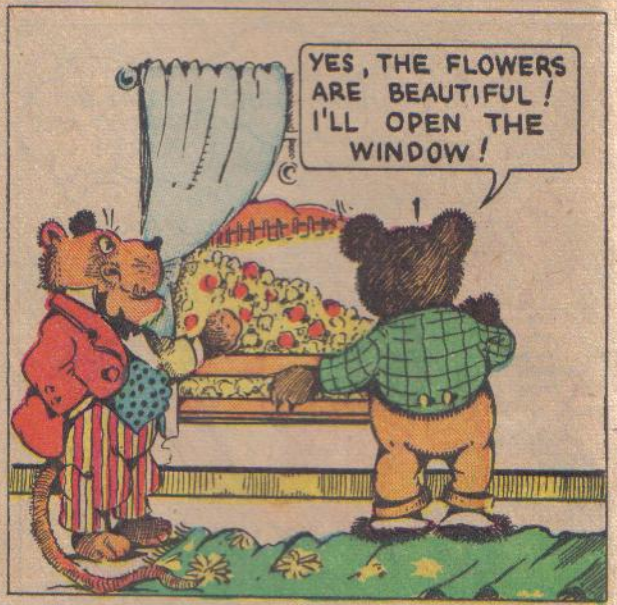




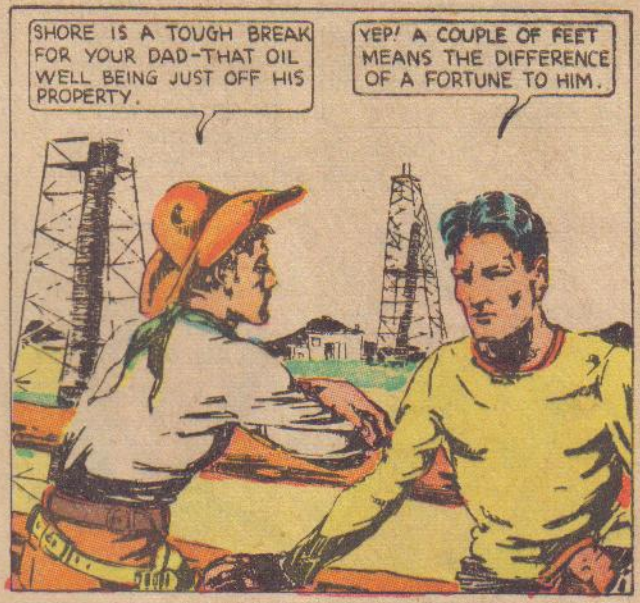


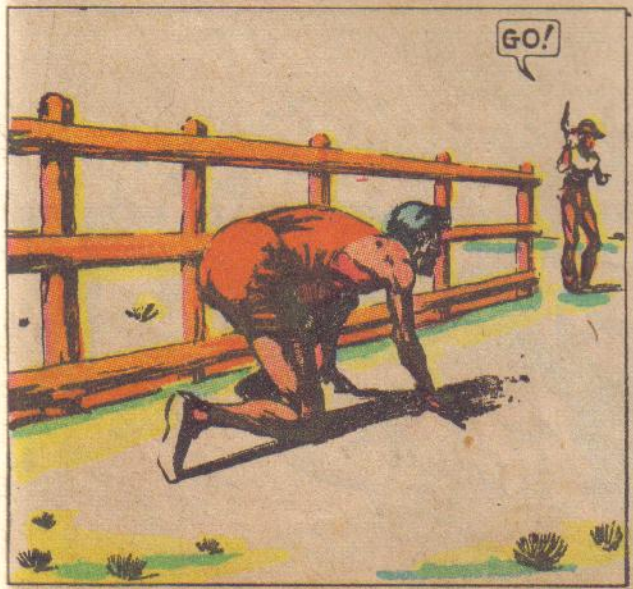
LOOK OUT THAR!
I'M A-LOOKIN'!
YOU LUNKHEADS! YA CAN'T DO NUTHIN' RIGHT! GO WATER THE HORSES NOW!
OKAY, BOSS!
BOY, THIS WATER IS BEE-LISH-SHUS!
YEAH, SO SWEET AND PURE!
NEXT MORNING
FILL UP THE CANTEENS NULL, AN' TAKE A SWIG O' THIS WATER AFORE WE GO.
I WOULDN'T DRINK THAT THAR WATER
WHY NOT?
WAL, ON ACCOUNTA MA FEET WUZ BURNIN' SO MUCH LAST NIGHT—
—SO I BATHED THEM IN THE WATERIN' HOLE!
TODMORO

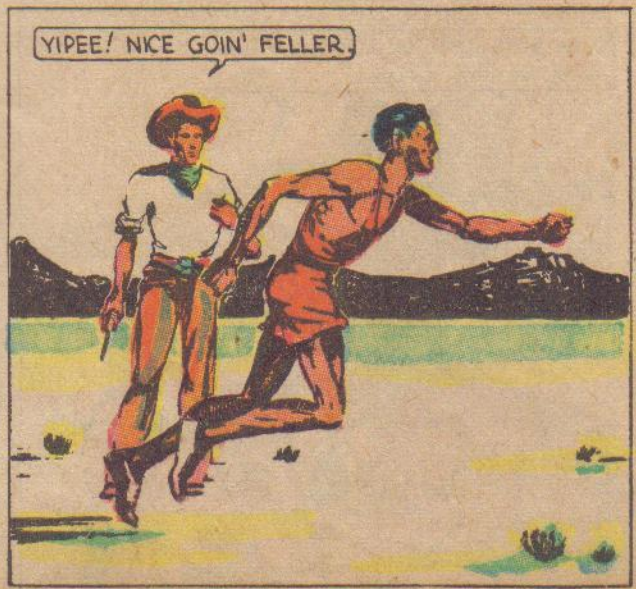
HOMELESS OSCAR



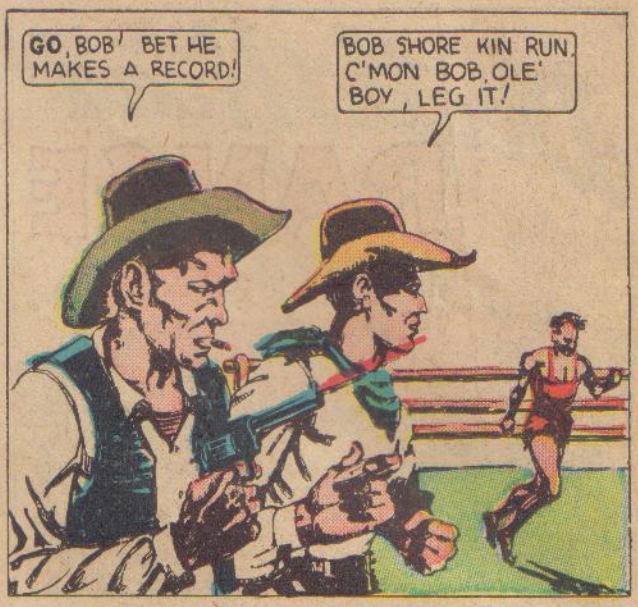
Death's Head RANGE







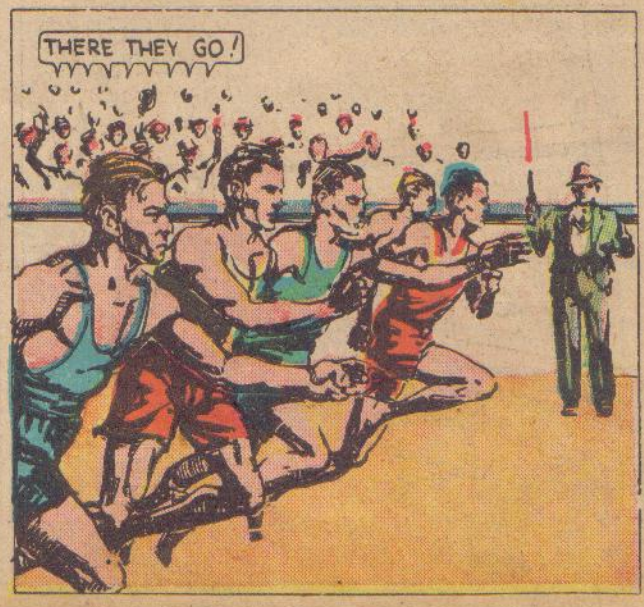
21.5 SECONDS? YOU MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, STEVE THAT'S ALMOST A RECORD
NO MISTAKE BOB. RUN IT AGAIN WHEN YOU GET YOUR WIND AND LET YOUR DAD TIME IT-TO MAKE SURE.


GO, BOB! BET HE MAKES A RECORD!
BOB SHORE KIN RUN. C'MON BOB, OLE' BOY, LEG IT!

21 SECONDS! YUH DID IT AGAIN, MY BOY.
ATTA BOY BOB! YOUR A CHAMP-ALL RIGHT.

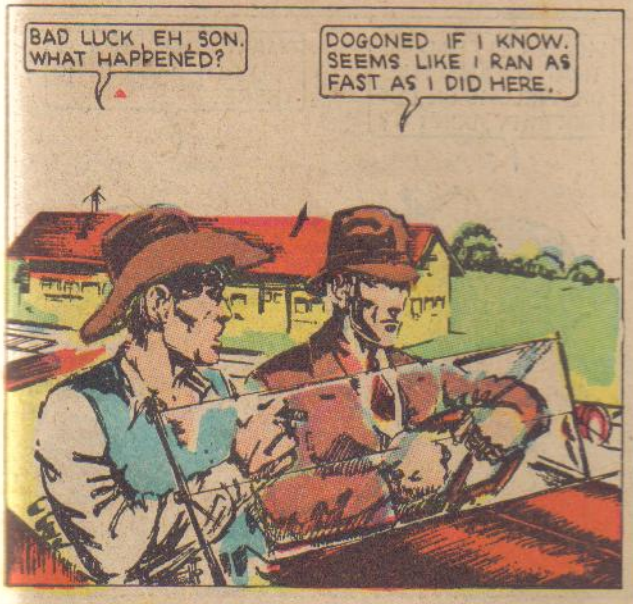
GOOD LUCK SON. BRING BACK THAT CUP SON, AND I'LL BE PROUD OF YOU.
I'LL DO MY BEST, DAD.
DON'T SHOW THEM OTHER BOYS UP TOO BAD BOB SO LONG.
Then off to the Meet —

OKAY BOYS-LINE UP FOR THE FINAL HEAT OF THE 220!
TRACK OFF


THERE THEY GO!

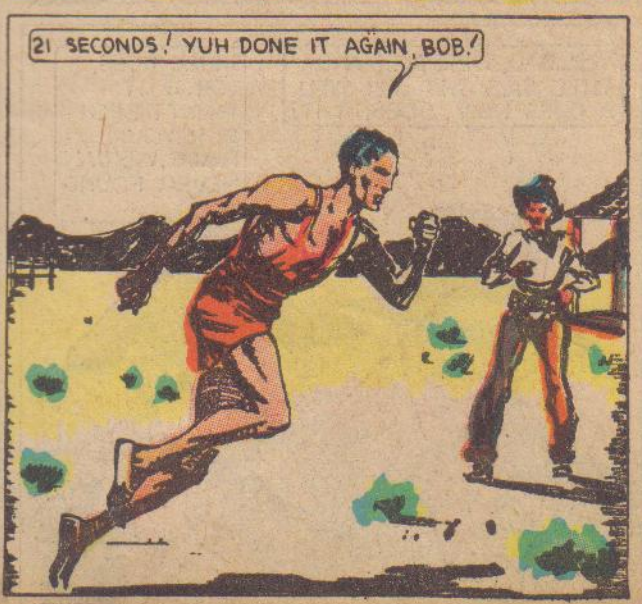
5
4
2

AND BOB HORN, THIRD. WINNERS TIME 22.5 SECONDS.
WHY THAT'S MUCH SLOWER THAN BOB RAN HERE
THAT'S FUNNY, BOB MUST HAVE GONE STALE


BAD LUCK, EH, SON. WHAT HAPPENED?
DOGONED IF I KNOW. SEEMS LIKE I RAN AS FAST AS I DID HERE.

YOU PROBABLY WENT STALE ON THE TRIP TO THE MEET, BOB.
STALE NOTHING! I'M SURE I RAN AS FAST AS I DID HERE.

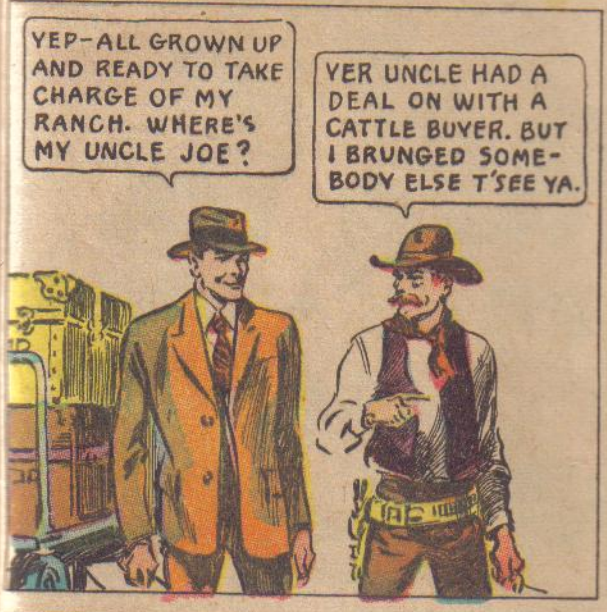
WELL, IF YOU WUZ SOMEBUDDY ELSE, I'D SAY SOUR GRAPES. WHY NOT TRY ONE MORE RUN HERE, BOB.
RIGHTO STEVE. YOU TIME ME AGAIN. I WANT TO MAKE SURE.


21 SECONDS! YUH DONE IT AGAIN, BOB!

SAY LET'S PACE OFF THE DISTANCE AGAIN
-AND THIS SHOWS THAT FENCE IS 10 YARDS OVER ON YOUR PROPERTY.
NO WONDER YOU WERE SO FAST, SON.
HOLD ON, DAD. THAT MEANS THE OIL WELL IS ON OUR PROPERTY, DON'T IT?
SMART THINKIN', LAD. YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE.
WELL, DAD, THAT DEED AND TITLE SAYS THAT OIL WELL IS OURS NOW, DOESN'T IT?
SHORE DOES, SON. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR RACE, WE'DA' NEVER FOUND OUT.
DEED
YOU SHORE OUGHTA BE GLAD YOU LOST THAT RACE, BOB.
AND HOW! RECKON IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY A LOSER EVER WON A PRIZE LIKE THIS.

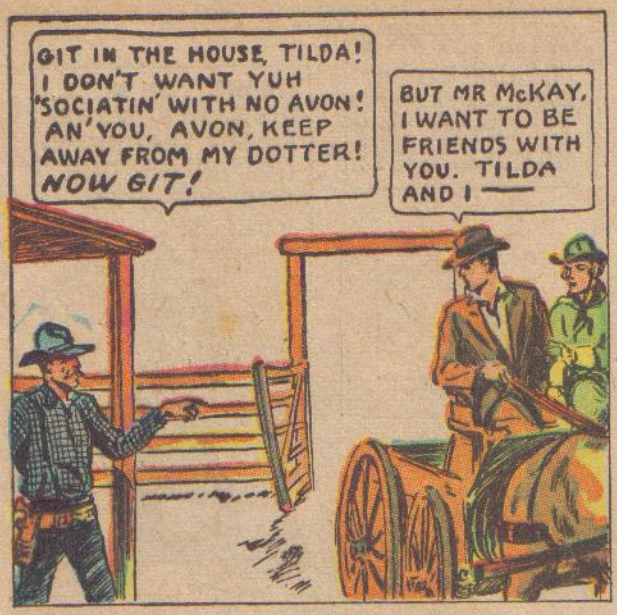
Marked BULLETS

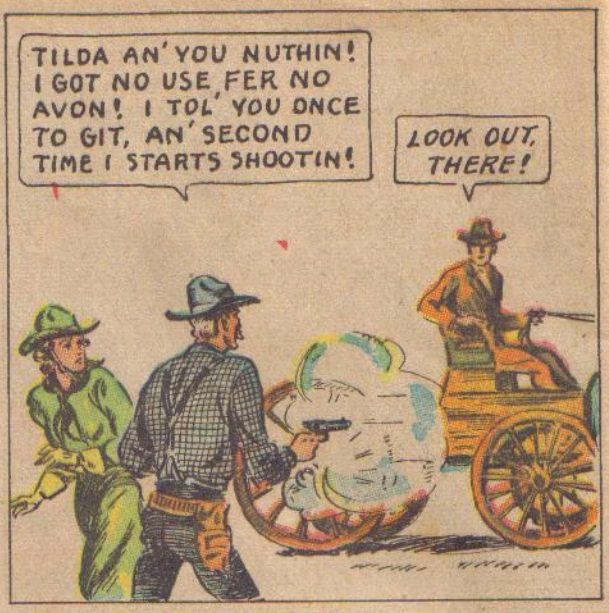
by WILL HARR



YOU KNOW, TILDA, SUSPICION WAS THROWN ON YOUR FATHER WHEN MY DAD WAS KILLED, BUT SOME DAY I'M GOING TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE.
I HOPE YOU CAN, DICK. IT MIGHT END THIS FEUD.
I SAVED THE BULLET THAT KILLED MY DAD, AND I STUDIED BALISTICS AT SCHOOL. IF I GET A CHANCE, I'LL RUN DOWN THE KILLER!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHO DID IT, DICK?
-DON'T KNOW, UNCLE JOE. AMBUSHED-GET A DOCTOR FOR SNUFFY-I'M ALL RIGHT-JUST A SCRATCH!

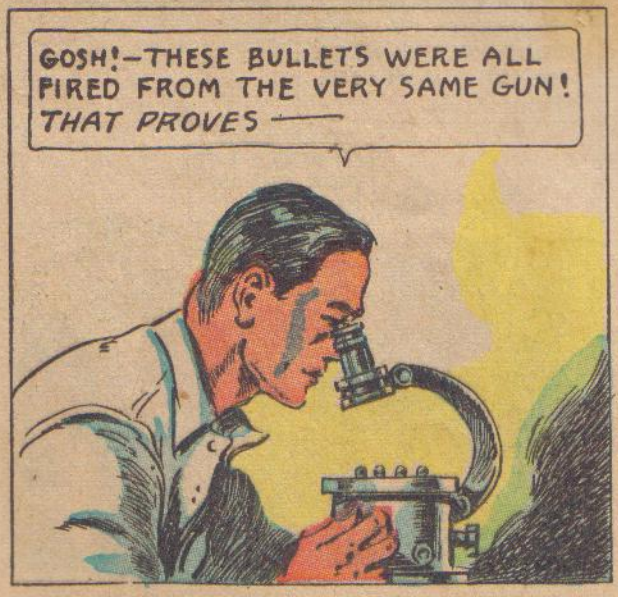
HOW IS SNUFFY, DOC?
TOO BAD— COULDN'T SAVE HIM.
HELLO, SHERIFF! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE COYOTE THAT KILLED SNUFFY!
MEBBE YUH WILL, DICK. HERE'S THE BULLET THAT KILLED HIM, AN' THE ONE DOC DUG OUTA YORE SHOULDER.
I'VE GOT A HUNCH, SHERIFF. I'M GOING TO MATCH THEM WITH THE BULLET THAT KILLED DAD.
I WAS RIGHT, SHERIFF! ALL THREE BULLETS WERE FIRED OUT OF THE SAME GUN!
YORE RIGHT, DICK! THE SAME KILLER IS TRYIN' TO POLISH YOU OFF, TOO.
IT'S TOO LATE TO TRACK THE KILLER NOW. I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME.
NO, DICK, DAD WILL BE TOO ANGRY. I'LL GO HOME ALONE.
I'D RATHER TALK TO YOUR FATHER NOW. MAYBE I CAN WIN HIM OVER.
I'M AFRAID NOT, DICK, BUT YOU CAN TRY


GIT IN THE HOUSE, TILDA! I DON'T WANT YUH 'SOCIATIN' WITH NO AVON! AN' YOU, AVON, KEEP AWAY FROM MY DOTTER! NOW GIT!
BUT MR McKAY, I WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOU. TILDA AND I —

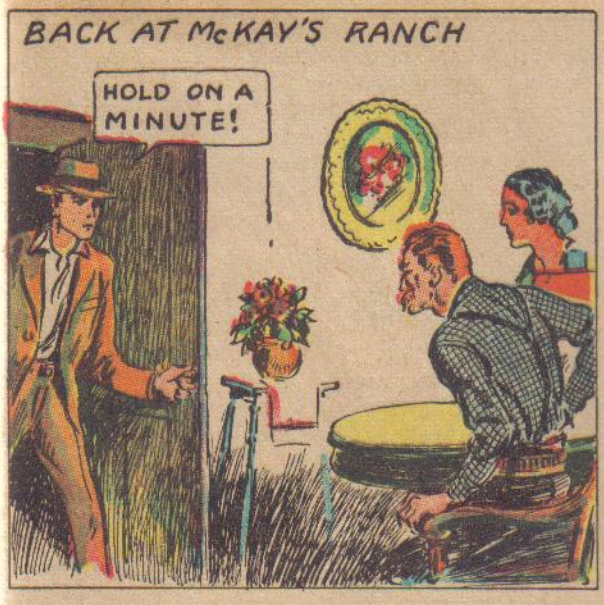

TILDA AN' YOU NUTHIN! I GOT NO USE FER NO AVON! I TOL' YOU ONCE TO GIT, AN' SECOND TIME I STARTS SHOOTIN!
LOOK OUT, THERE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE KILLED MY DAD AND IS TRYING TO KILL ME NOW! BUT HE'S SURE QUICK TO USE HIS GUN!

DESPITE HIS FAITH IN McKAY'S INNOCENCE, DICK DECIDED TO TEST THE BULLET McKAY FIRED INTO THE WAGON.


GOSH!—THESE BULLETS WERE ALL FIRED FROM THE VERY SAME GUN! THAT PROVES —

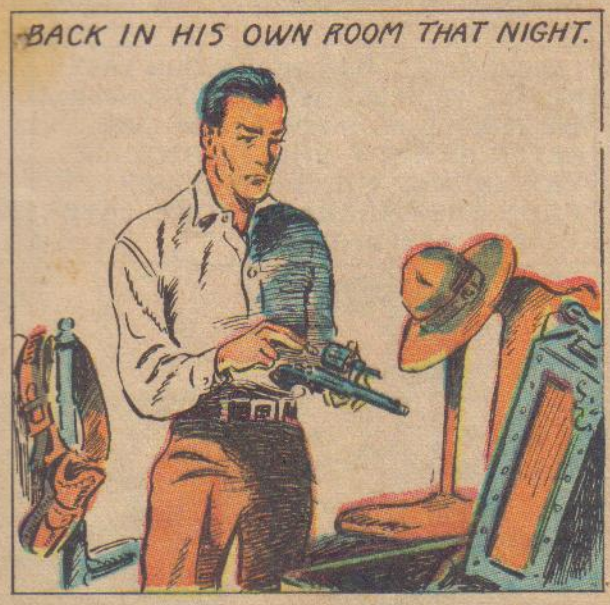
KNOWIN' HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT TILDA, I DON'T LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT McKAY SHORE HAD A POW'FUL DISLIKE FOR YORE DAD.
I KNOW IT, UNCLE JOE — I'M GOING BACK THERE AND HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM — NOW!


BACK AT McKAY'S RANCH
HOLD ON A MINUTE!

WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL! DO YOU KNOW ANY THING ABOUT THE KILLING OF MY DAD?
NO!-NUTHIN' AT ALL-I WOULDN'T KILL NOBODY!

YOU SHOT AT ME TODAY!
I WUZ JEST BLUFFIN! SON. I DIDN'T AIM TER HIT YA!

DICK AVON, I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! GET OUT OF HERE!
ALL RIGHT- I'M SORRY


BACK IN HIS OWN ROOM THAT NIGHT.

DICK IS AWAKENED BY THE TURNING OF THE DOOR-KNOB
UNCLE JOE!—JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
IT'S ALL CLEAR, NOW. JOE AVON MURDERED DAD SO HE COULD HAVE THE RANCH. THEN WHEN I CAME BACK HE TRIED TO KILL ME.
BUT HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?
I RECOGNIZED MR. McKAY'S GUN LAST NIGHT. IT BELONGED TO MY UNCLE. HE TRADED IT IN FOR A NEW ONE AFTER HE SHOT SNUFFY AND ME YESTERDAY. MR. McKAY BOUGHT IT FROM THE GENERAL STORE LATER IN THE AFTERNOON.
WAL, IT LOOKS LIKE YORE GOIN' TO BE MY NEW SON-IN-LAW, SO WE BETTER BE FRIENDS.
THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE!

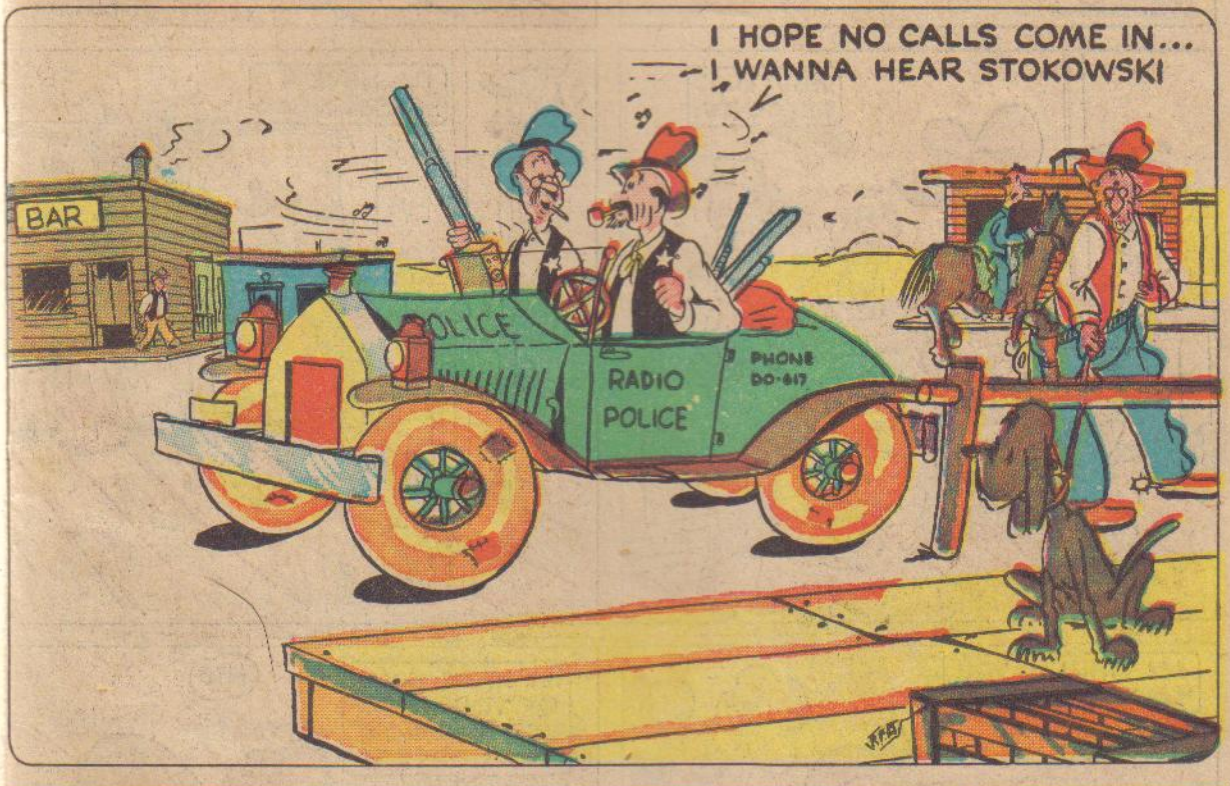
IT'S FUN TO EAT...

5¢ Butterfinger

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

Remember IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

JEST-A-LAUGH



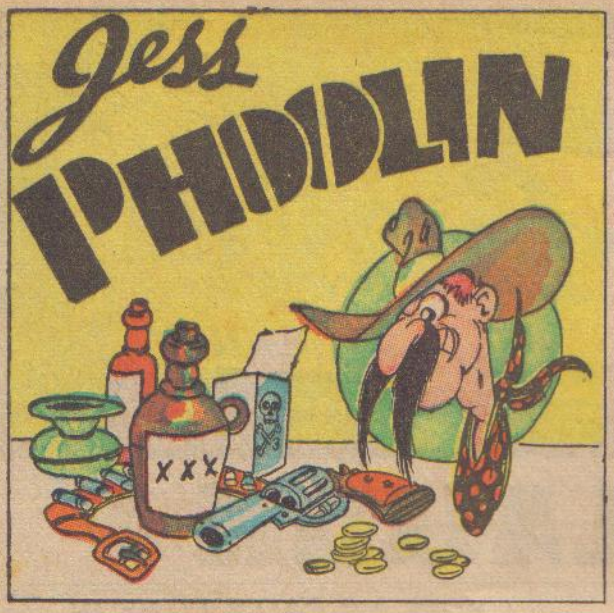
5¢ Baby Ruth

FOR DRIVING ENERGY

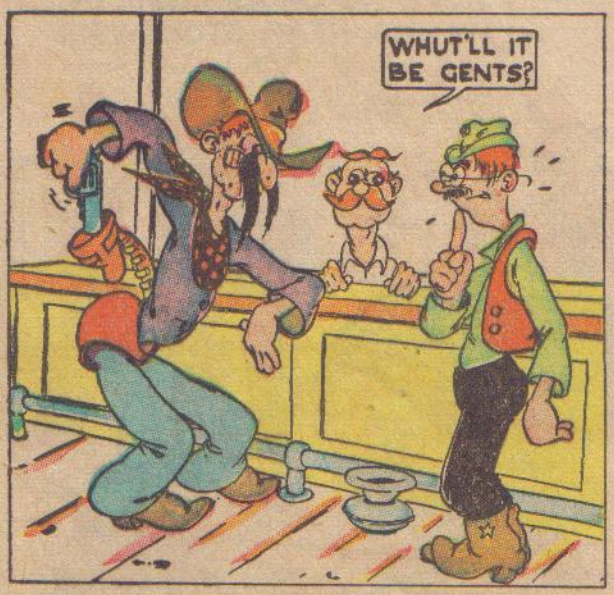
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

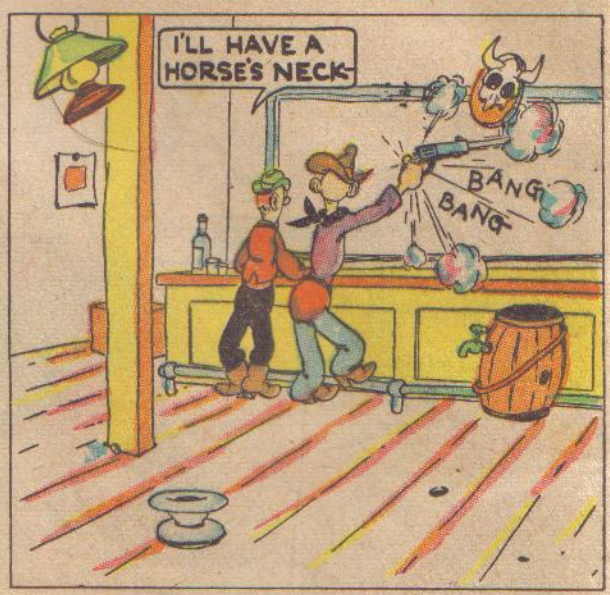
COPR. 1936 CURTISS CANDY CO.

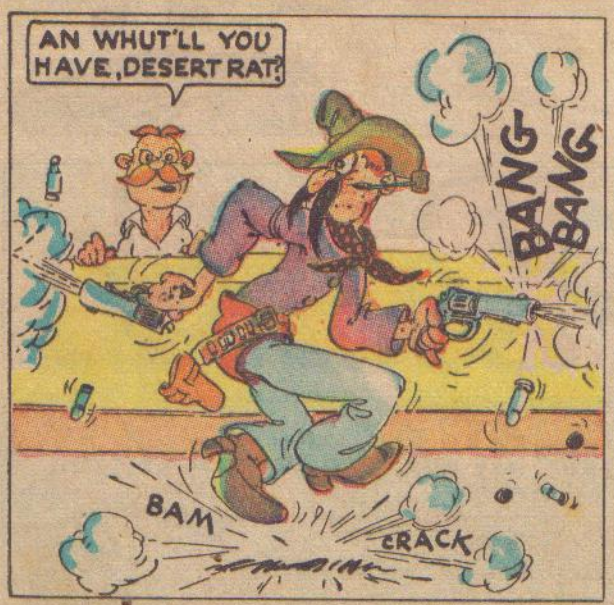
CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

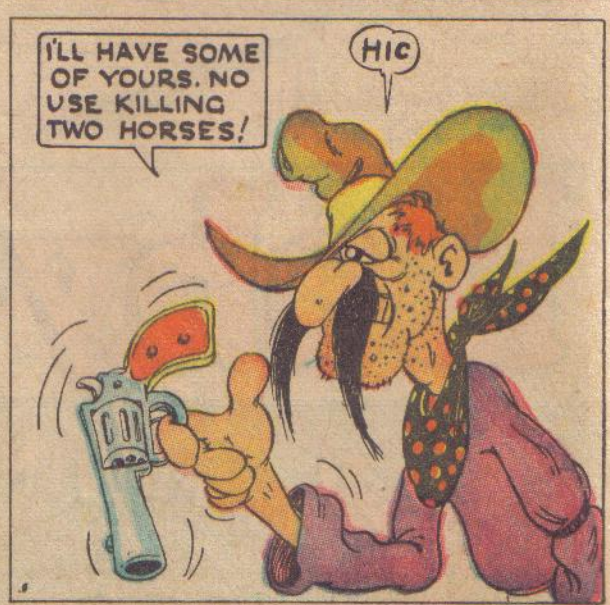

Jess
PHIDDLIN
XXX

SAY-JOIN ME IN A DRINK BUDDY! THEY'LL BE ON ME.
DEAD GULCH SALOON
SURE THING.


WHUT'LL IT BE GENTS?


I'LL HAVE A HORSE'S NECK
BANG
BANG


AN WHUT'LL YOU HAVE, DESERT RAT?
BANG
BANG
BAM
CRACK


I'LL HAVE SOME OF YOURS. NO USE KILLING TWO HORSES!
HIC

Serve Anytime

CURTISS

Baby Ruth 5¢

Baby Ruth CURTISS CANDY CO.

RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

Slice and Serve FOR ALL OCCASIONS

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

JEST THE TYPE

"COULD WE INTEREST YOU IN OUR LATEST SUPER-ELECTRIC FRIGIDAIRE?"

RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

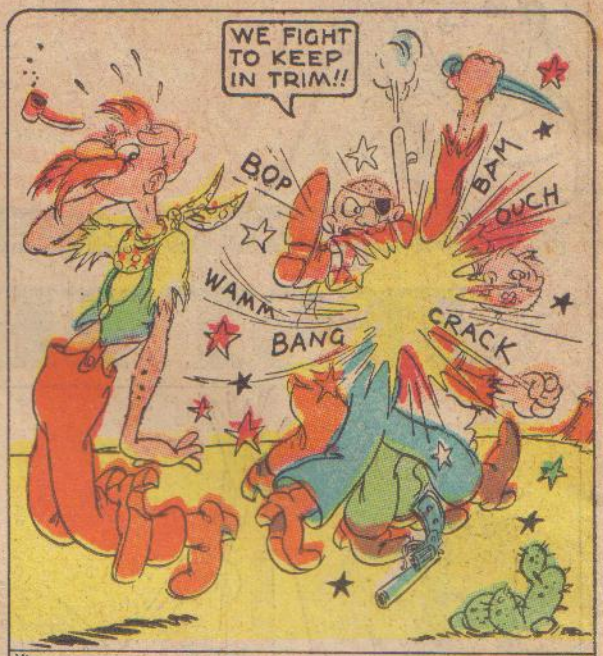
JOLLY 1/4 LB. 5¢ JACK

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

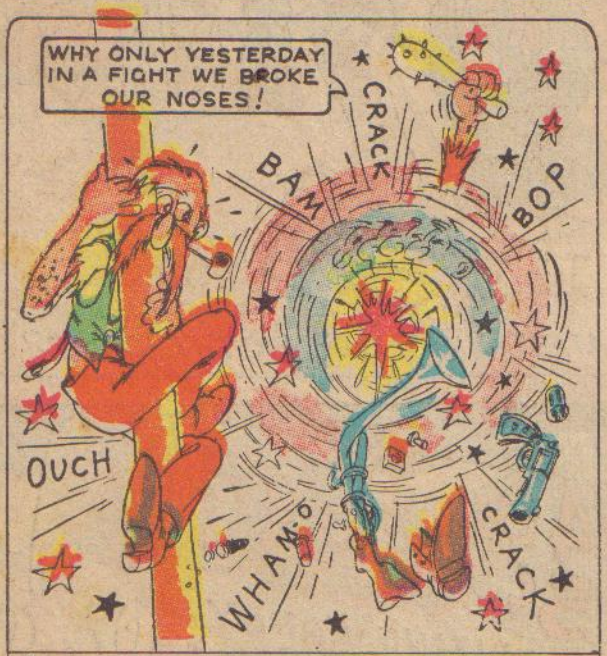
COPYRIGHT 1936 CURTISS CANDY CO

LONESOME Luke

A MAN CAME UP TO LONESOME LUKE
AND ASKED HIM FOR A JOB.
SAID HE TO LUKE, "I'M REALLY TOUGH,
AND SO IS MY WHOLE MOB!"



"WHY, JUST TO-DAY WE HAD A FIGHT-
YOU SEE MY NOSE IS BROKE;
AGAIN I SAY TO YOU WITH PRIDE,
THAT I'M A REAL TOUGH BLOKE!"



"SO I'M THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR,
YOU BET I'LL DO MY PART;
SO I'LL BEGIN TO WORK RIGHT NOW-
JUST TELL ME WHERE TO START."

"YOU MAY BE TOUGH," SAID LONESOME LUKE,
"FOR THAT MUCH YOUR FACES SHOWS,-
BUT YOU GO BACK AND SEND TO ME
THE GUY WHO BROKE YOUR NOSE!"

GREATEST BARGAIN

IN TEN YEARS

Remington NOISELESS Portable

NOW 10¢ A DAY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

10-DAY FREE TRIAL. Now for the first time in history you can own a real Remington NOISELESS Portable for only 10¢ a day or $3 a month. Think of it! The finest Remington Portable ever built at the lowest terms we have ever offered. Every attachment needed for complete writing equipment—PLUS THE FAMOUS NOISELESS FEATURE. Brand new. Not rebuilt. Send coupon today.

WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES. You don't risk a penny. We send this Remington Noiseless Portable direct from factory to you with TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are not satisfied, send it back.

FREE →

TYPING COURSE

With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

FREE →

CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay . . . send in the coupon for complete details!

FACTORY TO YOU

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper . . . that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet a superb performance literally makes words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolding and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments.

SPECIFICATIONS. Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller type. Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. All the modern features plus NOISELESS operation. Write for full details today!

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form . . . helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or Graduation . . . one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come . . . give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10c a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a new Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.

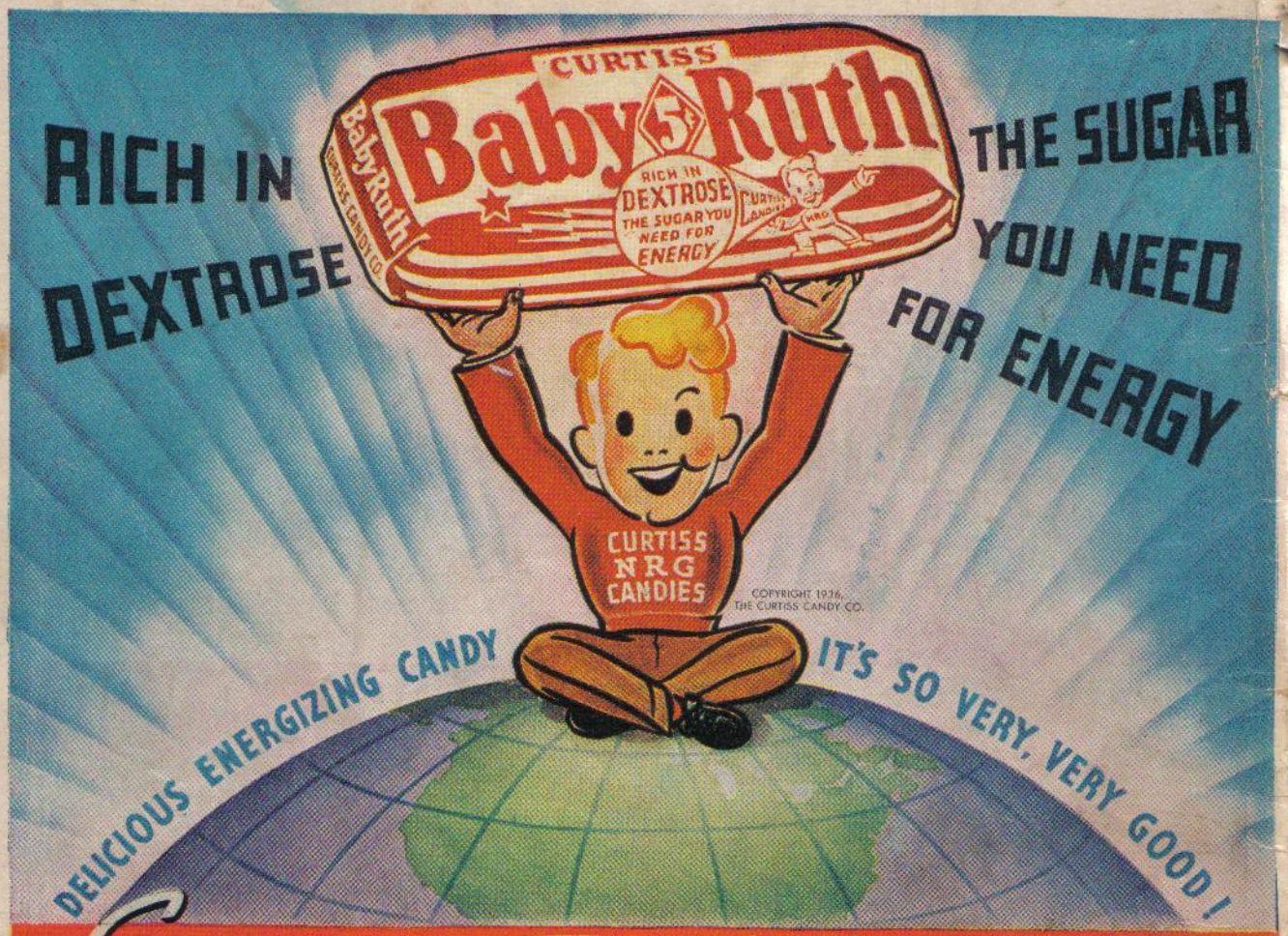
Mail Now!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 379-10
315 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE typing course and carrying case, for only 10c a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Sitting on Top of the World

WHAT MAKES BABY RUTH SO DELICIOUS?

If you want to make Baby Ruth Candy yourself, you need these ingredients: plump, selected peanuts, roasted to a golden brown goodness; pure, fresh creamery butter, Grade A milk; smooth, rich chocolate—and Dextrose, the food-energy sugar. But to blend these choice foods together into delicious Baby Ruth takes skill, experience and expensive equipment. That's why no one but Curtiss Candy Company can make a candy quite as fine as Baby Ruth. No wonder it's America's favorite 5c Candy!

Have you ever noticed that the best athletes, the keenest students, the most popular fellows in school and in sports, are usually chockful of energy and vitality? Always it seems that energy and leadership go hand in hand.

Baby Ruth is chockful of this energy that you need to be a winner. Baby Ruth now combines with the delicious ingredients always used, a rich quantity of Dextrose—the sugar you need for energy. The fine, delicious ingredients used in Baby Ruth make it a vast storehouse of energy.

Each ingredient of Baby Ruth is a food in itself. These wholesome foods blended together make Baby Ruth the most delicious, tempting, nutritious candy bar you can eat.

For energy—for enjoyment... make Baby Ruth a daily habit.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF ENERGY?

The most important form of food energy known to medical science is Dextrose. Dextrose is a pure white sugar, sweet and cooling. It is called "muscle" or "body" sugar by doctors. When you have an abundance of this vital sugar, you have a supply of reserve energy, of endurance. Your own doctor will tell you that every moment of your life, to breathe, walk, talk, yes, even to think, your body uses Dextrose. That's why trainers and coaches give athletes Dextrose before and during strenuous games and contests.

Baby 5¢ Ruth

CURTISS CANDY CO., Otto Schnering, *President* • CHICAGO